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THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.





THE PLAYS OF

WILLIAM **S**HAKESPEARE.

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

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2



MACBETH.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM,
DONALBAIN, } *his Sons.*

MACBETH,
BANQUO } *Generals of the King's Army.*

MACDUFF,
LENOX,
ROSSE,
MENTETH,
ANGUS,
CATHNESS, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SEYWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the
English Forces.*

YOUNG SEYWARD, *his Son.* *

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers,

Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in]
through the rest of the play, in Scotland ; an
at Macbeth's Castle.*



MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open Place.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch.

WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

Witch. Where the place?

Witch. Upon the heath.

Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Witch. Paddock calls.

Witch. Anon.

. Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

r through the fog and filthy air.

[*Witches vanish.*]



SCENE II. *A Camp near Fores.*

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting bleeding Soldier.

Duncan.

WHAT bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeänt,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the King thy¹ knowledge of the broil,
As thou did'st leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;

* * * * *
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
—Worthy to be a rebel; for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the Western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel² smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion, * * * * *
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
* * * * *

Which never shook hands, nor bade farewell to him
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come

a fresh assault.

Dismayed not
r captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Yes;

rows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.

sooth, I must report they were
ions overcharg'd with double cracks;

* * * * * so they

redoubled strokes upon the foe.

they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

horize another Golgotha,

t tell . . .

m faint, my gashes cry for help.

So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;

nack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[Exit Soldier, attended.]

Enter Rosse and Angus.

mes here now?

The worthy Thane of Rosse.

What a haste looks through his eyes!

ld he look, that comes³ to speak things strange.

. God save the King!

Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

. From Fife, great King; where the Nor-

veyan banners

The victory fell on us—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse.

Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composure
Nor would we deign him burial of his me
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall
Our bosom-interest.—Go, pronounce his
death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth

SCENE III. *A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches

1 *Witch.*

WHERE hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd
me, quoth I.

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
In the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay;

ep shall neither night nor day
 ng upon his pent-house lid ;
 shall live a man forbid.
 ary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
 ll he dwindle, peak, and pine ;
 ough his bark cannot be lost,
 t it shall be tempest-toss'd.
 ok what I have.

! *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 eck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

! *Witch.* A drum, a drum ;
 cbeth doth come.

Ill. The weyard⁴ sisters, hand in hand,
 sters of the sea and land,
 us do go about, about ;
 rice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 d thrice again, to make up nine.
 ace !—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are
 these,

wither'd, and so wild in their attire ;
 at look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 id yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
 at man may question? You seem to understand me,
 each at once her choppy finger laying
 on her skinny lips. You should be women,
 id yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 at you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can ; what are you ?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane
 of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane
 of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be King
 hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth, Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble having, and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not. If you can look into the seeds of Time, And say, which grain will grow and which will not Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more By Sinel's death, I know, I am Thane of Glamis; But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman; and to be King Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence You owe this strange intelligence; or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting.—Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, And these are of them.—Whither are they vanish'd!

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about? Or have we eaten on the insane root, That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban.

You shall be King.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest of the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,—
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came^s post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee, Thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, Hail, most worthy Thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the Devil speak true?

[*Aside.*

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives; why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. —Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*Aside.*]—Thanks for your
pains.

—Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, thrust^d home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence. [*Aside*].—Cousins, a word,
I pray you. [*They retire.*]

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will have me King, why, Chance
may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour; my dull brain was
wrought

things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 I'll read where every day I turn
 to read them. Let us toward the King,
 upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
 when I shall have weigh'd it, let us speak
 our hearts each to other.

Very gladly.
 Till then, enough. [*Aside.*—Come, friends.
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. FORTH. A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
 LENOX, and Attendants.

Duncan.
 What's the news, my liege?
 Is'tion done on Cawdor? Are't not
 in commission yet return'd?

My liege,
 not yet come back. But I have spoke
 that saw him die: who did report,
 frankly he confess'd his treasons;
 your Highness' pardon; and set forth
 his repentance. Nothing in his life
 but to see him, like the leaving it; he died
 that had been studied, in his death,
 away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 as a careless trifle.

There's no art,
 to see the mind's construction in the face.
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 my absolute trust.

MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
 How my ingratitude even now
 hath left you. Thou art so far before,
 that the best wing of recompense is slow
 to overtake thee. 'Would, thou hadst less deserv'd;
 and proportion both of thanks and payment

MACBETH.

Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness' part
 Is to receive our duties: and our duties
 Are, to your throne and state, children and servants;
 Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
 Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither.
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
 To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
 That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
 No less to have done so; let me enfold thee,
 And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
 The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
 The Prince of Cumberland; which honour mu
 Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you. [To M

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd
 I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyf
 The hearing of my wife with your approach
 So, humbly take my leave. [To M

Dun. My worthy C
Macb. —The Prince of Cumberland!

step,
 On which I must fall down, or else o'erh
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your
 Let not light see my black and deep def
 The eye wink at the hand! yet let that
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, †

Dun. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant;
 d in his commendations I am fed;
 s a banquet to me. Let's after him,
 ose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
 s a peerless kinsman. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

ENE V. Inverness. *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a Letter.

Lady Macbeth.

*HEY met me in the day of success; and I have
 learn'd, by the perfect'st report, they have more in
 n than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire
 uestion them further, they made themselves air, into
 ch they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder
 it, came missives from the King, who all-hail'd me,
 me of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weyard
 rs saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of
 s, with 'Hail, King that shalt be!' This have I
 ight good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of
 itness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of re-
 ing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised
 . Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

*mis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 at thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature;
 s too full of the milk of human kindness,
 catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;
 not without ambition; but without
 ; illness should attend it. What thou would'st
 highly,
 it would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
 i yet would'st wrongly win; thou'dst have, great
 Glamis,
 it which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou'dst have it;
 d that which rather thou dost fear to do,
 un wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 t I may pour my spirits in thine ear;*

And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal. [*Enter an Attendant*
 What is your tidings?

Attend. The King comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say i
 Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.

Attend. So please you, it is true; our Thane is
 coming.

One of my fellows had the speed of him;
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending
 He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*] The raven
 himself is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits of evil
 That tend on mortal thoughts! unsex me here;
 And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
 Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood;
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
 That no compunctious visitings of Nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk with⁸ gall, you murd'ring
 ministers,

Wherever, in your sightless substances,
 You wait on Nature's mischief! Come, thick Night
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
 Nor Heaven peep through the blanket⁹ of the dark
 To cry, *Hold, hold!*—

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
 Greater than both, by the All-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond

rant present, and I feel now the future
stant.

My dearest love,
comes here to-night.

I. And when goes hence?
To-morrow, as he purposes.

I. Oh, never
that morrow see!—

My Thane, is as a book, where men
learn strange matters.—To beguile the time,
and so the time; bear Welcome in your eye,
and, your tongue; look like the innocent
flower,

and the serpent under it. He that's coming
is provided for: and you shall put
his great business into my despatch;
and shall to all our nights and days to come
rule with sovereign sway and masterdom.

We will speak further.

I. Only look up clear;
My favour ever is to fear.
The rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Before the Castle.*

Attendants. Servants of Macbeth attending.

DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,
MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Duncan.

The castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
is sweetly and sweetly recommends itself
unto our gentle senses.

This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet,¹⁰ does approve,
By her choice mansionry, that the heaven's
cells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,

Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cra
 Where they most¹¹ breed and haunt, I have of
 The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hos
 The love that follows us sometime is our trou
 Which still we thank as love. Herein I teac
 How you shall bid God yield us for your pair
 And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our serv
 In every point twice done, and then done dou
 Were poor and single business, to contend
 Against those honours deep and broad, where
 Your Majesty loads our house. For those of
 And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
 We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the Thane of Cs
 We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpo
 To be his purveyor; but he rides well;
 And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hc
 To his home before us. Fair and noble hoste
 We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants e
 Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
 To make their audit at your Highness' pleasu
 Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hanc
 Conduct me to mine host; we love him highl
 And shall continue oür graces towards him.
 By your leave, hostess. [1]



ACT VII. *The same. A Room in the Castle.*

Knives and Torches. Enter, and pass over the Stage, several Servants with Dishes and Seruants.
Then enter MACBETH.

Macbeth.

were done when 'tis done, then it were well
ere done quickly; if the assassination
rammel up the consequence, and catch
is success surcease¹²; that but this blow
be the be-all and the end-all; here,
e—upon this bank and shoal of time—
mp the life to come . . . But, in these cases
I have judgement here; that we but teach
instructions, which, being taught, return
ue the inventor. This even-handed Justice
nds the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
own lips.—He's here in double trust:
s I am his kinsman and his subject,
both against the deed; then, as his host,
ould against his murderer shut the door,
ar the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
orne his faculties so meek, hath been
r in his great office, that his Virtues
ead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
p damnation of his taking-off;
ty, like a naked new-born babe,
; the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
be sightless couriers of the air,
ow the horrid deed in every eye,
ars shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
k the sides of my intent, but only
g Ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
is on the other *side*.—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

c

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business; He hath honour'd me of late: and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk, Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time,

* * * * *

Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard To be the same in thine own act and valour, As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem; Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace. I dare do all that may become a man, Who dares do¹³ more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was't then, That made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place, Did then adhere, and yet you would make both. They have made themselves, and that their fitness now Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me . . . I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail . . .

Lady M. We fail !!

w your courage to the sticking-place,
 ll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
 :to the rather shall his day's hard journey
 invite him—his two chamberlains
 ith wine and wassel so convince,
 mory, the warder of the brain,
 a fume, and the receipt of reason
 ck only. When in swinish sleep
 enched natures lies, as in a death,
 nnot you and I perform upon
 uarded Duncan? what not put upon
 gy officers? who shall bear the guilt
 reat quell.

Bring forth men-children only!
 undaunted mettle should compose
 but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
 e have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 n chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
 y have done't?

M. Who dares receive it other,
 all make our griefs and clamour roar
 s death?

I am settled, and bend up
 rporal agent to this terrible feat.
 nd mock the time with fairest show;
 e must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant, with a Torch before them.

Banquo.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down. I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir

Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven;

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too. A heavy summons lies like lead upon me, And yet I would not sleep. Merciful Powers! Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature Gives way to in-repose.—Give me my sword.—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a Torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What! sir, not yet at rest? The King's a-bede He hath been in unusual pleasure, and Sent forth great largess to your officers.¹⁴ This diamond he greets your wife withal, By the name of 'Most kind hostess,' and shut up In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd, Our will became the servant to defect; Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well. I dreamt last night of the three weyard sisters. To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kindest leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,¹⁵ when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!

[*Exit BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable,

As this which now I draw. Thou marshal'st me

The way that I was going; and such an instrument

I was to use. Mine eyes are made the fools

Of the other senses, or else worth all the rest.—

I see thee still;

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleeper; Witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecat's offerings; and wither'd Murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides,¹⁶ towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure¹⁷ and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they¹⁸ walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives ;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.—

[A bell rings.

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth.

THAT which hath made them drunk, hath made
 me bold ;
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.—
 Hark !—Peace !—

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it :
 The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores.—I have drugg'd
 their possets,
 That Death and Nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who's there ?—what, ho !

Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd,
 And 'tis not done.—The attempt, and not the deed,
 Confounds us.—Hark !—I laid their daggers ready,
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband !

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear
 a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, *Murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen!* the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, *Amen!*

When they did say, *God bless us!*

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, *Amen?*

I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought on

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

Macbeth does murder Sleep!—The innocent sleep.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of Care,
The death of each day's life, sore Labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast . . .

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, *Sleep no more!* to all the house;

*Glamis hath murder'd Sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more. Macbeth shall sleep no more !*

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ? Why, worthy
Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there. Go, carry them ; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more.

I am afraid to think on what I have done ;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures ; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ;
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?—
How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ! Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I sham
To wear a heart so white.—[*Knock.*] I hear a knockin
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed ;
How easy is it then ! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark !
more knocking.
Get on your nightgown ; lest Occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself. [Knock.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
could'st? [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.

Porter.

HERE'S a knocking, indeed! If a man were
porter of Hell-gate, he should have old turning
the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's
there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that
hanged himself on the expectation of plenty. Come
in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll
sweat for't. [Knocking.] Knock, knock. Who's there,
i' the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivo-
cator, that could swear in both the scales against
either scale; who committed treason enough for God's
sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. Oh! come
in, equivocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock.
Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come
hither, for stealing out of a French hose. Come in,
tailor; here you may roast your goose. [Knocking.]
Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—
But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter
it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all
professions, that go the primrose-way to the everlast-
ing bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon; I pray you,
remember the porter. [Opens the gate.

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second
cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three
things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially pro-
voke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with Lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me. But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. 'The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit.

Len. Goes the King hence to-day?

Macb. He does; he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New-hatch'd to the woful time. The obscure bird

'd the livelong night; some say, the earth
rous, and did shake.

'Twas a rough night.

My young remembrance cannot parallel
to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,
conceive, nor name thee!

Len. What's the matter?
Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
cruel Murder hath broke ope
d's anointed temple, and stole thence
o' the building.

What is't you say? the life?
Mean you his Majesty?

Approach the chamber, and destroy your
right

new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak;
I then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Ereunt MACBETH and LENOX.*
e alarm-bell.—Murder and treason!
, and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!
ff this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
k on death itself!—up, up, and see
at Doom's image.—Malcolm! Banquo!
your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
tenance this horror!—Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

M. What is the business,
ch a hideous trumpet calls to parley
pers of the house? speak, speak!

O gentle lady,
for you to hear what I can speak;
etition, in a woman's ear,
murder as it fell.—

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo ! Banquo !

Our royal master's murder'd !

Lady M. Woe, alas !

What ! in our house ?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,

And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance
I had liv'd a blessed time ; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality.
All is but toys ; renown and grace is dead :
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss ?

Macb. You are, and do not know
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd ; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh ! by whom

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows. They star'd, and were distracte
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. Oh ! yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man.

The expedition of my violent Love

Outran the pauser Reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;

d his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
 Ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,
 ep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 manfully breech'd with gore . . . Who could re-
 frain,

it had a heart to love, and in that heart
 irage, to make his love known?

lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. — Why do we hold our tongues, that most may
 claim

s argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
 ere our Fate, hid in an augur-hole,
 y rush, and seize us? Let us away; our tears
 not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow yet
 on the foot of motion. [*Aside.*]

Jan.

Look to the lady.

[*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*]

d when we have our naked frailties hid,
 at suffer in exposure, let us meet,
 d question this most bloody piece of work,
 know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.
 the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
 ainst the undivulg'd pretence I fight
 treasonous Malice.

Macd. And so do I.

Mal. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
 d meet i' the hall together.

Mal.

Well-contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
 them;

shew an unfelt sorrow is an office
 ick the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
 all keep us both the safer. Where we are,

There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's s
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.
[*Ex*

SCENE IV. *Without the Castle.*

Enter Rosse an and Old Man.

Old Man.

THREESCORE and ten I can remember well
Within the volume of which time, I have s
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this
night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah! good fathe
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with man's
Threatens his bloody stage. By the clock, 'tis c
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lam
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatur
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses—a thing most st
and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung c
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they ate each c

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody
deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd.

Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still.

Thriftless Ambition, that will ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
to be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there!
Adieu!—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.

SCENE I. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter BANQUO.**Banquo.*

BHOU hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
 As the weyard women promis'd; and, I fear
 Thou play'dst most foully for't. Yet it was
 said,

It should not stand in thy posterity;
 But that myself should be the root and father
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them
 —As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; LADY
 MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies,
 and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotter
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,
 And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your Highness
 Command *be* upon me; to the which, my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban.

Ay, my good lord

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
 advice
 —Which still hath been both grave and prosperous—

In this day's Council ; but we'll take't to-morrow.
Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse. Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay my good Lord. Our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.

[*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night, to make society
The sweeter welcome. We will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone ; while then, God be with you.

[*Exit LADY MACBETH, LORDS, LADIES, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure ?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the Palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.— [*Exit Atten.*]

To be thus is nothing ;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he
dares ;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he
Whose being I do fear : and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd ; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the Sisters,

When first they put the name of King upon me,
 And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I 'fil'd my mind;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings; the seeds of Banquo kings!
 Rather than so, come Fate into the lists,
 And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune; which you thought had been
 Our innocent self. This I made good to you
 In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
 How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the in-
 struments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
 might

To half a soul and to a notion craz'd,

Say, *Thus did Banquo.*

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,
 That you can let this go? are you so gossell'd
 To pray for this good man, and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever ?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men ;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clep'd
All by the name of dogs. The valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike : and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the *most* worst rank of manhood, say it ;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off ;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us ;
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.*

And I another,
So weary with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb.

Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.*

True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine ; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life. And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down : and thence it is,

That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives . . .

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't: for't must be done to-night,
And something from the Palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness. And with him
—To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company
—Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's—must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.—
It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, and a Servant.

Lady Macbeth.

IS Banquo gone from Court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on: things without all remedy,
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our seat,¹⁹ have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further . . .

Lady M. Come on.

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these flattering streams; and make our faces
vizards

To our hearts, disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. Oh, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady M. But in them Nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable.
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecat's summons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling Night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful Day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great band
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood; *on earth below*
Good things of Day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles Night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, prythee, go with me. [Exit.

SCENE III. *The same.*

A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Murderer.

BUT who did bid thee join with us?

3 Mur.

Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 Mur.

Then stand with us.—

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day.
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur.

Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2 Mur.

Then 'tis he; the rest

That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the Court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually . . .

So all men do, from hence to the Palace-gate

Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a Torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*Assaults BANQUO.*

Ban. Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou may'st revenge. O slave!

[*Dies.* FLEANCE escapes.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost

Best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

SCENE IV. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

A Banquet prepared.

*Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX,
Lords, and Attendants.*

Macbeth.

YOU know your own degrees, sit down. At first
And last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host. Our hostess keeps
Her state; but, in best time, we will require her
welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, They are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—

There's blood upon thy face. [*Aside to Murd. at door.*

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than him²⁰ within.
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut;
That I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats.
Yet he is good that did the like for Fleance.
If thou did'st it, thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air.
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord. Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.—
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear *thee* ourselves again.

[*Exit Murd.* *MACB. returns.*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your Highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your Highness,
To grace us with your royal company?

*Enter the Ghost of BANQUO, and sits in MACBETH'S
place.*

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves
your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends; my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. 'Pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—[*Aside to MACB.*] Are you
a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the Devil.

Lady M. Oh, proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh! these flaws and starts
—Impostors to true fear—would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly!

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fye, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear. The times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but now, they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools. This is more strange

Than such a murder is. . . . [*Aside.*]

Lady M. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;

Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.—

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss.

'Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
but as a thing of custom ; 'tis no other ;
only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
shall never tremble. Or, be alive again,
and dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I evade it,²¹ then protest me
The baby of a girl.—Hence, horrible shadow !
Mere mockery, hence !—[*Ghost disappears.*] Why,
so ; being gone,
I am a man again.—'Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
and overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold such sights,
and keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord ?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not ; he grows worse
and worse :

Question enrages him. At once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty !

Lady M. A kind good night to all !

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood ; they say, blood will
have blood.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
Augurs and understood relations have,

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brou
The secret'st man of blood . . . What is the

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning,
which.

Macb. How say'st thou! that Macduff d
person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to hi

Macb. I heard²² it by the way; but I wil
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
—And betimes will I—to the weyard sister
More shall they speak; for now I am bent t
By the worst means, the worst. For mine c
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Strange things I have in head, that will to l
Which must be acted, ere they may be scan

Lady M. You lack the season of all natur

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange
abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use;
We are yet but young indeed.

SCENE V. *The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witch

1 Witch.

WHY, how now, Hecat! you look ange
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death?
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art.

which is worse, all you have done
 is but for a wayward son,
 and wrathful; who, as others do,
 pursues his own ends, not for you.
 He amends now. Get you gone,
 to the pit of Acheron
 to bid the morning; thither he
 goes to know his destiny.
 Your charms and your spells provide,
 your charms and every thing beside.
 I'll spend the air; this night I'll spend
 in a dismal and a fatal end:
 Great business must be wrought ere noon.
 Upon the corner of the moon
 there hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
 It is, distill'd by magic slights,
 Of such artificial sprights,
 As will be strength of their illusion,
 To lead him on to his confusion.
 I'll spur fate, I'll scorn death, and bear
 Beyond the deep wide bottom of despair,
 As they above wisdom, grace and fear;
 All which your selves do hourly wear,
 This is my chiefest enemy.

[*Within.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*

I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
 Is in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.
 Enter Lady. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be
 back again. [Exeunt.



SCENE VI. Fores. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter LENOX and another Lord.**Lenox.*

MY former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther; only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth—marry, he was dead—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
We²³ cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father. Damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key
—As, an't please Heaven, he shall not—they should
find

What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord.

The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English Court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid

like Northumberland and warlike Seyward:
 by the help of these—with Him above
 tify the work—we may again
 to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
 from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
 ithful homage, and receive free honours;—
 hich we pine for now. And this report
 so exasperate the King, that he
 res for some attempt of war.

1. Sent he to Macduff?
 d. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
 loudy messenger turns me his back,
 hums, as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
clogs me with this answer.

1. And that well might
 ie him to a caution, to hold what distance
 wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 o the Court of England, and unfold
 essage ere he come; that a swift blessing
 soon return to this our suffering country
 r a hand accurs'd!

d. I'll send my prayers with him!
 [Exeunt.]



ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch.

THURICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pi
whin'd.

3 Witch. Harpieg cries, 'Tis time, 'tis
time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that underneath cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chauldron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood;
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Music, and a SONG. Black Spirits, &c.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags?

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
—How'er you come to know it—answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of Nature's germins tumble all together,

Even till Destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths,

Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show.

Thunder. 1 Apparition, an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power . . .

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff;

Beware the Thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—Enough.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.—But one word
more . . .

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's an-
other,

More potent than the first.

Thunder. 2 Apparition, a bloody Child.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff! what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of Fate. Thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—

Thunder. 3 Apparition, a Child crowned, with a Tree
in his Hand.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam-wood to high Dunsinane-hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be.

Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head,²⁴ rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing. Tell me—if your art
Can tell so much—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know.—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*]

1 *Witch.* Shew! 2 *Witch.* Shew! 3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of Eight Kings, and BANQUO last, with a Glass in his Hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ;
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.—

A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!

Why do you shew me this!—A fourth?—Start, eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of Doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more.—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,

Which shews me many more; and some I see,

That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.

Horrible sight!—Now, I see, it is true;

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so.—But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly!—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,

And shew the best of our delights.

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round;

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.]

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—

Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your Grace's will.

Macb. Saw you the weyard sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear

The galloping of horse ; who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England !

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits.
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand ; and even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
done.

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.
But no more sights !—Where are these gentlemen ?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Fife. *A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Rosse.

Lady Macduff.

WHAT had he done, to make him fly the land ?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none ;
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his
babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ! He loves us not,
He wants the natural touch ; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight
—Her young ones in her nest—against the owl.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself; but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know it ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
And each way move.²⁵—I take my leave of you;
It shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;

And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What! with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,
nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are
not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a
father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any
market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet i'faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one
That does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world: where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these
faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd²⁶ villain.

Mur. What, you egg!
Young fry of treachery! [*Stabbing him.*]

Son. He has kill'd me, mother;
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*]

[*Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying Murder,
and pursued by the Murderers.*]

SCENE III. *England. A Room in the King's
Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Malcolm.

LET us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wail;
What know believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke it may be so, perchance:
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but some-
thing
You may deserve²⁷ of him through me; and wisdom
'twere

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brows of
Grace,

Yet Grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child
—Those precious motives, those strong knots of love—
Without leave taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties; you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For Goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy
wrongs;

Thy²⁸ title is affeered!—Fare thee well, lord.
I would not be the villain that thou think'st at me
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of aid of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;

More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to Greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A staunchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce

To make me hunger more ; that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
 Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
 Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer-seeming lust ; and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear ;
 Scotland hath foyson to fill up your will,
 Of your mere own. All these are portable,
 With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
 I have no relish of them ; but abound
 In the division of each several crime,
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
 Uproot²⁹ the universal peace, confound
 All unity on earth . . .

Macd. O Scotland ! Scotland !

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
 I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern !
 No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
 And does blaspheme his breed.—Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king ; the queen, that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
 Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well !
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
 Have banish'd me from Scotland.—Oh, my breast,
 Thy hope ends here !

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts

To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power; and modest Wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous Haste. But God above
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray
 The devil to his fellow; and delight
 No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command;
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Seyward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 Already at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the King forth, I
 pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,
 That stay his cure. Their malady convinces
 The great assay of art; but, at his touch
 —Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand—
 They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil.

A most miraculous work in this good king;
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven

Himself best knows ; but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers ; and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here !

Mal. My countryman ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
 The means that makes us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country !
 Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
 Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy ; the dead-man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd, for whom ; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation
 Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What's the new'st grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
 Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife ?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children ?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour of many worthy fellows that were out; which was to my belief witness'd the rather, for that I saw the tyrant's power afoot. Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland would create soldiers, make our women fight, to doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort, we are coming thither: gracious England hath lent us good Seyward, and ten thousand men; an older, and a better soldier, none that Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would, I could answer this comfort with the like! But I have words, that would be howl'd out in the desert air, where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they the general cause? or is it a fee-grief, due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest, but in it shares some woe; though the main part pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine, keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever, which shall possess them with the heaviest sound that ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babe savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner, were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer, to add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows.

Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All?
What! all my pretty chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee; naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword. Let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him . . . if he 'scape,
Then Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This time goes manly.
Come, go we to the King: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;

The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor.



HAVE two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked ?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed ; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature ! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say ?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me ; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one ; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes ! This is her very guise ; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her ; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light ?

Gent. Why, it stood by her. She has light by her continually ; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their senses are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fye, my lord, fye! a soldier, and afeard! What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is she now?—What! will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that. Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice. Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on his grave.

Doct. Even so.

Lady M. To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles ; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night.
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight ;
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent.

Good night, good Doctor.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The Country near Dunsinane.*

*Enter with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS,
ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

Menteth.

THE English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Seyward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them ; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam-wood
Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother ?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not ; I have a file
Of all the gentry. There is Seyward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment.

What does the tyrant ?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

Some say, he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury ; but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love ; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start ;
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there ?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macbeth.

BRING me no more reports ; let them fly all :
Till Birnam-wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus :
*Fear not, Macbeth ; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false Thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures ;
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear

Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Serv.*—Seyton!
I am sick at heart,

When I behold . . . Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer³⁰ me ever, or disseat me now.

I have liv'd long enough; my way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old-age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,

is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
leep her from her rest.

b. Cure her of that.
thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
from the memory a rooted sorrow;
ut the written troubles of the brain;
vith some sweet oblivious antidote,
s the stuff'd bosom of that perilous matter³¹
weighs upon the heart?

Therein the patient
minister to himself.

b. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.—
put mine armour on; give me my staff.—
, send out.—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me.—
sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
ster of my land, find her disease,
urge it to a sound and pristine health,
d applaud thee to the very echo,
ould applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
hubarb, senna,³² or what purgative drug,
scour these English hence?—Hear'st thou of
them?

. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
us hear something.

b. Bring it after me.—
not be afraid of death and bane,
rnam-forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit.
. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
gain should hardly draw me here. [Exit.



SCENE IV. *Country near Dunsinane: A Wood
in view.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old SEYWARD
and his SON, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS,
ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.*

Malcolm.

COUSINS, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sey. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make Discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Sey. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be taken,³³
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE V. Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macbeth.

HANG out our banners! on the outward walls
The cry is still, *They come!*—Our Castle's
strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not 'forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.—What is that noise?

[A cry within, of women.]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have quail'd³⁴
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, I should report that which I saw,³⁵ but know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming.
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam-wood
Do come to Dunsinane*; and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o'the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell; blow, wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, old SEYWARD, MACDUFF, &c. and their Army, with Boughs.

Malcolm.

NOW near enough; your leavy screens throw
down,
And shew like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Sey. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them
all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII. *The same. Another Part of the
Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth.

THEY have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's
he,
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SEYWARD.

Yo. Sey. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Sey. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Sey. The Devil himself could not pronounce a
title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Sey. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
sword

I'll prove the lie thou speakest.

[*They fight, and young SEYWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, shew thy face!

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruided. Let me find him, Fortune! and
More I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*]

Enter MALCOLM and old SEYWARD.

Sey. This way, my lord; the Castle's gently render'd.

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble Thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Sey. Enter, sir, the Castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee.
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword. Thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! . . . [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour;
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so;
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam-wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours,
MALCOLM, old SEYWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS,
CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Sey. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Sey. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause
of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth; for then
It hath no end.

Sey. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Aye, on the front.

Sey. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Sey. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer cor-
fort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S Head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, who
stands

The usurper's cursed head; the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.—
Hail, King of Scotland!

All.

Hail, King of Scotland!

Mal. We shall not make
Before we reclaim with
And make

In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do
 Which would be planted newly with the time
 —As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
 Took off her life—this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place:
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

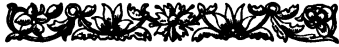
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

ORIGINAL TEXT.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. The. | 19. Peace, <i>K.</i> |
| 2. Quarry. | 20. He, <i>K.</i> |
| 3. Seems, <i>K.</i> | 21. Inhabit, <i>K.</i> |
| 4. Weyward. | 22. Heare, <i>K.</i> |
| 5. Can. | 23. Who, <i>K.</i> |
| 6. Trusted, <i>K.</i> | 24. Dead. |
| 7. Or. | 25. Each way, and move, <i>K.</i> |
| 8. For, <i>K.</i> | 26. Shag-ear'd. |
| 9. Blackness (!), <i>K.</i> | 27. Discerne. |
| 10. Barlet. | 28. The. |
| 11. Must. | 29. Uprore, <i>K.</i> |
| 12. Surcease . . . success. | 30. Chair (!). |
| 13. No. | 31. Stuff, <i>K.</i> |
| 14. Offices. | 32. Cyme. |
| 15. Content (!), <i>K.</i> | 33. Given, <i>K.</i> |
| 16. Sides. | 34. Cool'd. |
| 17. Sowre. | 35. I say, I saw, <i>K.</i> |
| 18. They may. | 36. Spend, <i>K.</i> |







TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.





ADDRESS PREFIXED TO THE QUARTO
EDITION OF THIS PLAY, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. *News.*



TERNAL reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of that¹ brain, that never undertook any thing comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve from the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexterity, and power of wit, that the most displeas'd with plays are pleas'd with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there, that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them, more than ever they dream'd they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savoured salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem, for their height of pleasure, to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I

would comment upon it; though I know it needs not, for so much as will make you think your, testern well bestowed, but for so much worth, as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasure's loss, and judgement's, refuse not, nor like this the less, for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for, for the states of their wits' healths, that will not praise it. *Vale.*



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, King of Troy.
 HECTOR,
 TROILUS,
 PARIS,
 DEIPHOBUS,
 HELENUS,
 ÆNEAS,
 ANTENOR, } his Sons.
 } Trojan Commanders.
 CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest taking part with the Greeks.
 PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.
 MARGARELON, a bastard Son of PRIAM.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.
 MENELAUS, his Brother.
 ACHILLES,
 AJAX,
 ULYSSES,
 NESTOR,
 DIOMEDES,
 PATROCLUS, } Grecian Commanders.
 THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
 ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.
 Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to
 Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.
 ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.
 CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.
 CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.


Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by one in Armour.

N Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of
Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood
chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.—
To Tenedos they come; and the deep-drawing barks
Do there disgorge their warlike fraughtage. Now
On Dardan plains the fresh and yet unbruis'd Greeks
do pitch
Their brave pavilions; Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.—
Now Expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard.—And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd; but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited

In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.





TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Troilus.



ALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of
Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this. For
my part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He
that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs
tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the
bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet, in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking. Nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts . . .

So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever
I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,

Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

I have—as when the sun doth light a storm²—

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth Fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's—well, go to—there were no more comparison
between the women . . . But, for my part, she is my
kinswoman. I would not, as they term it, praise her;
—but I would somebody had heard her talk yester-
day, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cas-
sandra's wit; but . . .

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus . . .

When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,

Reply not, in how many fathoms deep

They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, She is fair;

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart

Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;

Handlest in thy discourse, oh! that her hand,

In whose comparison all whites are ink,

Writing their own reproach ; to whose soft seizure
 The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say, I love her ;
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that Love hath given me
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't ; let her be as she
 is. If she be fair, 'tis the better for her ; an she be
 not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus ! How now, Pandarus !

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail ; ill-
 thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you ; gone
 between and between, but small thanks for my la-
 bour.

Tro. What ! art thou angry, Pandarus ? what !
 with me ?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's
 not so fair as Helen. An she were not kin to me,
 she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sun-
 day. But what care I ? I care not, an she were a
 black-a-moor ; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair ?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a
 fool to stay behind her father ; let her to the Greeks ;
 and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my
 part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus . . .

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus . . .

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me ; I will leave
 all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit. An Alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours ! peace, rude
 sounds !

Fools on both sides ! Helen must needs be fair,
 When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument ;
 It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
 But, Pandarus . . . O gods, how do you plague me !
 I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar ;
 And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
 As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
 Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
 What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we.
 Her bed is India ; there she lies, a pearl :
 Between our Ilium and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood ;
 Ourselves, the merchant ; and this sailing Pandar,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus ! wherefore not
 afield ?

Tro. Because not there. This woman's answer
 sorts ;

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day ?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas !

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed. Tis but a scar to scorn ;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-
 day !

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.
 But, to the sport abroad ; are you bound thither ?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE II. *The same. A Street.**Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.**Cressida.***W**HO were those went by?*Alex.* Queen Hecuba, and Helen.*Cres.* And whither go they?*Alex.* Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd.

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer ;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he ; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw

In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger ?*Alex.* The noise goes, this. There is among the
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;

Thy call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good ; and what of him ?*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.*Cres.* So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of
their particular additions. He is as valiant as the
lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant ; a
man into whom Nature hath so crowded humours
that his valour is crush'd into folly, his folly sauced
with discretion ; there is no man hath a virtue that
he hath not a glimpse of ; nor any man an attainment, but
he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without
cause, and merry against the hair : he hath the joints
of every thing ; but everything so out of joint, that

he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too. He'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What! is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What! not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say ; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them ; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus ! I would, he were—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. In his right condition ! I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself. 'Would 'a were himself ! Well, the gods are above ; Time must friend, or end. Well, Troilus ; well,—I would, my heart were in her body ! No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't ; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit³ this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him ; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece. Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour—for so 'tis, I must confess—not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown . . .

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris'.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much : if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his, he having colour enough ; and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief,

Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compass'd window . . . and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him; she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin . . .

Cres. Juno have mercy! How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. Oh! he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. Oh! yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then. But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus . . .

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if 'you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin. Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing; Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes. Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *Two and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white! That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forked one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him. But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.*

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by

their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Pan. That's Æneas. Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor. He has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgement in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of *his* person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks; there's a countenance. Is't not a brave man?

Cres. Oh, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good . . . Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the Devil come to him, it's all one. By God's lid, it does one's heart good . . . Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris; [*PARIS passes over.*] look ye yonder, niece. Is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said, he came hurt home to-

day? he's not hurt. Why this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus.—I marvel where Troilus is! That's Helenus.—I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no:—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.—'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him.—O brave Troilus!—Look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more back'd than Hector's: and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a Grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris!—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts; chaff and bran, chaff and bran, porridge after meat. I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well!—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie; for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too. If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; [there he unarms him.]

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle . . .

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token you are a bawd.—

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
 He offers in another's enterprise.
 But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see
 Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.
 Yet hold I off; women are angels, wooing:
 Things won are done, joy's soul lies i' the doing.
 That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not
 this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is;
 That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when Desire did sue.
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
 'Achievement is command; ungain'd beseech.'
 Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before
 Agamemnon's Tent.*

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
 MENELAUS, and Others.

Agamemnon.

PRINCES, * * * * *
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
 The ample proposition, that Hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain,
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought

That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In Fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble-boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast! making their way
With those of nobler bulk, *and greater strength*;
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse. Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide,
In storms of Fortune; for, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tiger. But when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies *along the sky, while bird and beast are*
Fled under shade, why, then, the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize;
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,

Returns⁴ to chiding Fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon
—Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which—most mighty for thy place and sway,

[To AGAM.]

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life—

[To NEST.]

I give to both your speeches, which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air—strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides—knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue . . . yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and we it⁵ less
expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff-jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances, which now I'll shew you.—
The speciality of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents stand⁶ hollow
Upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the General's not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask,

* * * * *

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office, and custom, in all line of order ;
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
 Amidst the others ; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
 What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !
 What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixure ! Oh ! when degree is shak'd
 —Which is the ladder to all high designs—
 The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe ;
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead ;
 Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong
 —Between whose endless jar justice resides—
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself into power,
 Power into will, will into appetite ;
 And Appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking of the common weal ;

And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles—whom Opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day,
Breaks scurril jests *on thee and all of us*;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
—Which, slanderer, he imitation calls—
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage . . .
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries, *Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just*;
Now play me Nestor. Hem, and stroke thy beard,

As he, being drest to some oration.

That's done; as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife;
Yet god Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*

'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And, with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, *Oh! enough, Patroclus,*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals, of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
—Whom, as Ulysses says, Opinion crowns
With an imperial voice—many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a pace
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
—A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint—
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken us and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand. The still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight . . .
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;

They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the engine,
 Or those, that, with the fineness of their souls,
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent ?

Ene. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you ?

Agam. Even this.

Ene. May one, that is a herald and a prince,

Do a fair message to his kingly ears ?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
 Call Agamemnon head and general.

Ene. Fair leave, and large security. How may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals ?

Agam. How ?

Ene. Ay ;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as Morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus.—

Which is that god in office, guiding men ?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of Troy
 Are ceremonious courtiers.

Ene. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
 As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace.
 But, when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords and, Jove's
 accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him.

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour.
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector—Priam is his father—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows, to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas.
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home; but we are soldiers:
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd. He is old now;
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, tell him from me,
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
 Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
 As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now Heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand.
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
 Achilles shall have word of this intent;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor . . .

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be crompt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how then?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up;
And in the publication make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya—though Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough—will with great speed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Why, 'tis most meet; whom may you else
oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their finest palate. And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant-mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,

He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice ;
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues ; who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
 To steel a strong Opinion to themselves !
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
 In no less working, than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech.
 Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
 Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
 And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if *they* do not,
 The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
 For both our honour and our shame, in this,
 Are dogged with two stranger followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; what are they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles wins⁷ from Hector,
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
 But he already is too insolent ;
 And we were better parch in Afric sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best man. No ; make a lottery,
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort to fight with Hector : among ourselves,
 Give him allowance for the better man,
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices ; if he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon. Go we to him straight.—
 Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax.



THERSITES . . .

Ther. Agamemnon . . . how if he had boils?
 full, all over, generally?—

Ajax. Thersites . . .

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not
 the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog . . .

Ther. Then would come some matter from him;
 I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
 Feel then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel
 beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinnied'st^s leaven, speak!
 I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness;
 but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than
 thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike,
 canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation . . .

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. [When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.]

Ajax. I say, the proclamation . . .

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinico may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thresh Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?
How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones; I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *piu mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness; but the fool will not. He there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall . . .

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary. Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so? a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What! with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes—yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth. To Achilles! to Ajax! to...

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites, peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him ?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

Ajax. Oh! meaning you.—I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS,
and HELENUS.

Priam.

AFTER so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—
Deliver Helen, and all damage else
—*As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,*
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant War—
Shall be struck off.—Hector, what say you to't ?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, *Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithè soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,—
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up ?

Tro.

Fye, fye, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 The past-proportion of his infinite?
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
 priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
 reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm;
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep. Manhood and
 Honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
 thoughts

With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect
 Makes livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

Tro. What's aught, but as it is valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,

To make the service greater than the god;

And the will dotes, that is inclinable

To what infectionously itself affects,

Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, with her hair dishevelled, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld^o,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand-brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
 strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brainsick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels.
But I attest the gods, your full consent

Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas ! can these my single arms ?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite ? Yet I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights.
 You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion ! Can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well :
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd ; but superficially, not much
 Unlike young men ; whom Aristotle thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
 The reasons you allege do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination

'Twixt right and wrong ; for Pleasure, and Revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners. Now
 What nearer debt, in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband ? If this law
 Of Nature be corrupted through affection ;
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same ;
 There is a law, in each well order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king
 —As it is known she is—these moral laws
 Of Nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this, in way of truth ; yet, ne'ertheless,
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still ;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design ;
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown ;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst

The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits;
 I was advertis'd their great General slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept.—
 This, I presume, will wake him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Thersites.

HOW now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him. O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have; which short-armed Ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons out, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and, devil Envy, say, Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counter-

feit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation ; but it is no matter ; thyself upon thyself ! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue ! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and Discipline come not near thee ! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death ! then if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles ?

Patr. What ! art thou devout ? wast thou in prayer ?

Ther. Ay ; the Heavens hear me !

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there ?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where ? art thou come ? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals ? Come ; what's Agamemnon ?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles.—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles ?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself ?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou ?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that knowest.

Achil. Oh ! tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles ; Achilles is my lord ; I am Patroclus' knower ; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal !

Ther. Peace, fool ; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool ; Achilles is a fool ; Thersites is a fool ; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this ; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles ; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Aga-

memnon ; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool ; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool ?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover ; it suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here !

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,
and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery ! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore ; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon ! Now the dry serpigo on the subject ! and war and lechery confound all ! [*Exit.*]

Agam. Where is Achilles ?

Patr. Within his tent ; but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He sent *back* our messengers ; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him.

Let him be told so ; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent ; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart. You may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man ; but, by my head, 'tis pride. But why, why ? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside.*]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him ?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who ? Thersites ?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No ; you see he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish, than their faction. But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that Wisdom knits not Folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy. His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your Greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him. He hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion' sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus. We are too well acquainted with these answers; But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin, If you do say we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgement; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes,¹⁰ his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much,

We'll none of him ; but let him, like an engine,
Not portable, lie under this report,—

Bring action hither ; this cannot go to war.

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give

Before a sleeping giant.—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied ;

We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another ?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think he thinks
himself a better man than I am ?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is ?

Agam. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong, as va-
liant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and
altogether more tractable. .

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ? How doth
pride grow ? I know not what it is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your
virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up him-
self ; Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his
own chronicle ; and whatever praises itself but in the
deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engen-
dering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself ! Is it not strange ?

[*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse ?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none ;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us ?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
 He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness;
 And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
 That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
 Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
 That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
 Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
 And batters 'gainst himself. What should I say?
 He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
 Cry, *No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
 Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
 'Tis said, he holds you well, and will be led,
 At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
 We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
 When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord,
 That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;
 And never suffers matter of the world
 Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
 And ruminat himself—shall he be worshipt
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?
 No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 As amply titled as Achilles' is,
 By going to Achilles * * *
 That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
 And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid!
 And say in thunder, *Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. Oh! this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*]

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
 I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. Oh, no! you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride.

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!—

Nest. How he describes Himself! [*Aside.*]

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven Chides blackness. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. A' should not bear it so, A' should eat swords first. Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. A' would have ten shares. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I will knead him, I will make him supple.

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm; force him with praises.

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To AGAMEMNON.*]

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm. Here is a man . . . but 'tis before his face; I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now . . .

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self affected?

Ulyss. Thank the Heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck;

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition.

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight . . .

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour, *let*

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary Time,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our General

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy. To-morrow-morn

We must with all our main of power stand fast;

And here's a lord . . . come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to counsel. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw

deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.**Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.**Pandarus.*

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word. Do not
you follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean?*Serv.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must
needs praise him.*Serv.* The Lord be praised!*Pan.* You know me, do you not?*Serv.* Faith, sir, superficially.*Pan.* Friend, know me better; I am the Lord
Pandarus.*Serv.* I hope I shall know your honour better.*Pan.* I do desire it.*Serv.* You are in the state of grace.[*Music within.*]*Pan.* Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship
are my titles. What music is this?*Serv.* I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.*Pan.* Know you the musicians?*Serv.* Wholly, sir.*Pan.* Who play they to?*Serv.* To the hearers, sir.*Pan.* At whose pleasure, friend?*Serv.* At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend.*Serv.* Who shall I command, sir?*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one another; I
am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose
request do these men play?*Serv.* That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the

request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul . . .

Pan. Who? my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen. Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus. I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. Oh, sir!

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord . . .

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to.—Commends himself most affectionately to you—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody. If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus . . .

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord . . .

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, Love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry, Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying Love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers. Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how

they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit.

[A Retreat sounded.

Par. They are come from field; let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island-kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
Paris.

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;

Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same.* Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pandarus.

HOW now! where's thy master? at my cousin
Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him
thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Oh! here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus; I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. Oh! be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
 Propos'd for the deserver! Oh! gentle Pandarus,
 From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
 And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I will bring her
 straight. [Exit.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
 The imaginary relish is so sweet
 That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
 When that the watry palate tastes indeed
 Love's thrice-repured nectar? Death, I fear me,
 Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
 For the capacity of my ruder powers.
 I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight.
 You must be witty now. She does so blush, and
 fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with
 a sprite. I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain; she
 fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[Exit.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom.
 My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
 And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
 Like Vassalage at unawares encount'ring
 The eye of Majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's
 a baby. Here she is now; swear the oaths now to
 her, that you have sworn to me.—What! are you
 gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made
 tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways;
 an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.
 Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this cur-

tain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. Lady, you have bereft me of all words.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's, *In witness whereof the parties interchangeably* . . . Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [Exit.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

Cress. Wish'd, my lord!—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind Fear, that seeing Reason leads, finds safer footing than blind Reason stumbling without Fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Tro. Oh! let my lady apprehend no fear; in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection

of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name Desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith. Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what Envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what Truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What! blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he finch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won. They are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever . . . Pardon me;
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it. In faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
 Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
 When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
 But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
 And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
 Or that we women had men's privilege
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
 For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence,
 Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.
 I am asham'd; O Heavens! what have I done?
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
 morning . . .

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you;
 But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
 To be another's fool. I would be gone.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak
 so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than
 love,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
 To angle for your thoughts. But you are *not* wise,
 Or else you love not; for to be wise and love
 Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. Oh, that I thought it could be in a woman,
 —As, if it can, I will presume in you—
 To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
 Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love!
 How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
 I am as true as Truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of Truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight!

When right with right wars who shall be most right.
 True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus. When their rimes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
 Want similes, truth-tir'd with iteration—
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre . . .
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When Time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind Oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing; yet let Memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said, as false
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it; I'll

be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here
 cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another,
 I have taken such pains to bring you together,
 pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end
 my name; call them all Pandars. Let all com-
 men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, all
 brokers-between Pandars! say, Amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a
 chamber *with a bed*; which bed, because it shall not
 of your pretty encounters, press it to death. *A*
 And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens be
 Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[E

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
 AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Calchas.

NOW, princes, for the service I have done
 The advantage of the time prompts me all
 To call for recompense. Appear it to your mi-
 That, through the sight I bear in things to Jove,
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and conditior
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? I
 demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor, Yesterday took ; Troy holds him very dear. Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still denied. But this Antenor, I know, is such a wrest in their affairs, That their negotiations all must slack, Wanting his manage ; and they will almost Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam, In change of him. Let him be sent, great princes, And he shall buy my daughter ; and her presence Shall quite strike off all service I have done, In most accepted payment.¹¹

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him, And bring us Cressid hither ; Calchas shall have What he requests of us. Good Diomed, Furnish you fairly for this interchange. Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow Be answer'd in his challenge ; Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent. Please it our General to pass strangely by him, As if he were forgot ; and, princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard upon him ; I will come last. 'Tis like, he'll question me Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on him ;

If so, I have derision medicinable, To use between your strangeness and his pride, Which his own will shall have desire to drink. It may do good : Pride hath no other glass To shew itself, but pride ; for supple knees Feed Arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on A form of strangeness as we pass along.

So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What! comes the General to speak with
me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with
us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the General?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax.*

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not
Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely. They were us'd to
bend;

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;

To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep

To holy altars.

Achil. What! am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness, once fallen out with Fortune,

Must fall out with men too. What the declin'd is

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others

As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,

Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;

And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour; but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit;

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The loves that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
 Doth one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
 Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
 I'll interrupt his reading.—
 How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son.

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
 Writes me, that man—how dearly ever parted,
 How much in having, or without, or in—
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses:
 The beauty that is borne here in the face
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 [To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,
 —That most pure spirit of sense—behold itself,]
 Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
 Salutes each other with each other's form.
 For Speculation turns not to itself,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and is arriv'd¹² there
 Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position;
 It is familiar: but at the author's drift;
 Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
 That no man is the lord of any thing
 —Though in and of him there be much consisting—
 Till he communicate his parts to others:
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 Till he behold them formed in the applause

Where they are extended; who, like an arch, 1
verberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.—Heavens, what a man is the
A very horse; that has he knows not what.
Nature! what things there are, most abject in reg;
And dear in use! what things again most dear
In the esteem, and poor in worth! Now shall w
See to-morrow, *by* an act that very Chance
Doth throw upon him, Ajax renown'd. O Heave
What some men do, while some men leave to do
How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While Pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look. What! are my deeds for;

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his bac
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingrattitudes.
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devo
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord, it is
Keeps honour bright; to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way
For Honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where but one goes abreast: keep then the path
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue. If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,

Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost; or, like a gallant horse
 Fallen in *the* first rank, lies there for pavement
 To the abject rear, o'er-run and trampled on.
 Then what they do in present, though less than yours
 In past, must o'er-top yours: for Time is like
 A fashionable host, that slightly shakes
 His parting guest by the hand; and with his arms
 Out-stretch'd, as he would fly, grasps in the comer.
 Welcome ever smiles, and Farewell goes out sighing.
 Oh! let not Virtue seek remuneration
 For the thing it was; for beauty, wit, high birth,
 Vigour of bone, desert in service, love,
 Friendship and charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating Time.—
 One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds
 —Though they are made and moulded of things past—
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted *er* is given:
 The present eye praises the present object.
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might; and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions¹³ 'mongst the gods them-
 selves,

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical.

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil.

Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
 The providence that's in a watchful state
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the
 gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles laid.
 There is a mystery, with whom Relation
 Durst never meddle, in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath or pen can give expressure to.—
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector than Polyxena.
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When Fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.—
 Farewell, my lord. I as your lover speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[*Exit.*]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you;
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus.
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to airy air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by
 him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. Oh! then beware;

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves.
 Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
 To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand; ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain, to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me; I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Ther-sites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me; you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus. Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured Captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent!—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: but, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd, And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Ereunt* *ACHILLES* and *PATROCLUS.*]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant Ignorance.

[*Exit.*]



ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with Torches.

Paris.

YEE, ho! who's that there?

Dei.

'Tis the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand.
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne.

Health to you, valiant sir,

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During all question of the gentle truce ;
 But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
 As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
 Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long, health ;
 But when contention and occasion meet,
 By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
 With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
 With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
 Welcome to Troy ! now, by Anchises' life,
 Welcome, indeed ! By Venus' hand I swear,
 No man alive can love, in such a sort,
 The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize. Jove, let Æneas live,
 If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
 A thousand complete courses of the sun !
 But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
 With every joint a wound ; and that to-morrow !

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful'st gentle greeting,
 The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
 What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the King ; but why, I know
 not.

Par. His purpose meets you. 'Twas to bring this
 Greek

To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,
 For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
 Let's have your company ; or, if you please,
 Haste there before us. I constantly do think
 —Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—
 My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.
 Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
 With the whole quality wherefore ; I fear,
 We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you ;

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,

Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;

The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Ens. Good morrow, all. [Exit.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her

—Not making any scruple of her soilure—

With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;

And you as well to keep her, that defend her

—Not palating the taste of her dishonour—

With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.

He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up

The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;

You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins

Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:

Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;

But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris,—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins

A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple

Of her contaminated carrion-weight

A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath,

As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;

But we in silence hold this virtue well,

We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

Here lies our way. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Troilus.

DEAR, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine
uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro.

Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed. Sleep kill those pretty eyes,

And give as soft attachment to thy senses,

As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres.

Good morrow, then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres.

Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy Day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming Night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres.

Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary, swifter than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres.

'Pr'ythee, tarry.

You men will never tarry.—O foolish Cressid!

I might have still held off, and then you would have
tarried.

Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What! are all the doors open here?

Tro.

It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mock-
ing.

I shall have such a life . . .

Pan. How now, how now !
How go maidenheads ? Here, you maid ! where's
my cousin Cressid ?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking
uncle !

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what ? to do what ? let her say what.
What have I brought you to do ?

Cres. Come, come ; beshrew your heart ! you'll ne'er
be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! a poor capoc-
chio ! Hast not slept to-night ? would he not, a
naughty man, let it sleep ? a bugbear take him !

[*Knocking.*]

Cres. Did not I tell you ? Would he were knock'd
o' the head !—

Who's that at door ? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber.

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha !

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd ; I think of no such
thing.— [Knocking.]

How earnestly they knock !—Pray you, come in ;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*]

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there ? what's the
matter ? will you beat down the door ? How now !
what's the matter ?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there ? my Lord Æneas ! By my troth,
I knew you not. What news with you so early ?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here ?

Pan. Here ! what should he do here ?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him ;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn. For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who! nay, then. Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware; you'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him? but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you; My matter is so rash. There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor, Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general State of Troy. They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of Nature have not More gift in taciturnity than I.

[Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The Devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor, I would they had broke his neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone!

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter ?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter ?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death.—O poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter ?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and he gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, Drawing all things to it. I'll go in, and weep.—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding, Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]



Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart! as the godly saying is,

O heart! O heavy heart!
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There was never a truer rime. Let us cast away nothing; for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breath. We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how; As many farewells as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them, He fumbles up into a loose Adieu; And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,

Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd. Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
or my heart will be blown up by the root! [*Erit.*]

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart . . .

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use Expostulation kindly;
For it is parting from us.—

I speak not, 'be thou true,' as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart.
But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. Oh, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with Danger. Wear
this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! 'be true' again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love.—

The Grecian youths are full of quality;
Their loving well compos'd with gift of Nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas! a kind of godly jealousy
—Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O Heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
 In this I do not call your faith in question,
 So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
 Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
 Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant.
 But I can tell, that in each grace of these
 There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
 That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not;
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 Presuming on their changeeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord . . .

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
 And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I! alas! it is my vice, my fault.
 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
 Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
 Is, 'Plain and true;'—there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTEHOR, DRIPHOBUS, and
 DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady,
 Which for Antenor we deliver you.
 At the Port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
 And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
 Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
 If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
 Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
 As Priam's is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects.
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh! be not mov'd, Prince Troilus;
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust; and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—Be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—No.

Tro. Come! to the Port.—I tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.

[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with
him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels;
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie,
On his fair worth and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and Others.

Agamemnon.

HERE art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
 Anticipating time. With starting courage
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
 Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
 May pierce the head of the great combatant,
 And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, Trumpet, there's my purse.
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe;
 Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias-cheek
 Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon;
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:
 Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early day.

Agam. Is not yond' Diomed with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he; I ken the manner of his gait.

He rises on the toe; that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel; I'll begin.—
 So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.
 Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now ;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
[And parted thus you and your argument.]

[*Kissing her.*]

Ulyss. Oh, deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns. [*Aside.*]

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss ; this, mine.
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. Oh, this is trim !

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give ;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man ; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not ; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and is . . .

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word ; I'll bring you to your father.

[*DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her !
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her body.
 Oh, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
 That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
 And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 To every tickling reader! . . . set them down
 For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
 And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other
 Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you State of Greece! what shall be
 done
 To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
 A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity
 Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
 By any voice or order of the field?
 Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
 A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
 The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
 What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles. But whate'er know this;
 In the extremity of great and little,
 Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
 The one almost as infinite as all,
 The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
 And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
 This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
 In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
 Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden-battle then! Oh! I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax. As you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[*AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight:
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has he gives; what thinks he shews;
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous Love.
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX fight.

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd.—There, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan, so
 That thou could'st say, *This hand is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek and this sinister
Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
 Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member,
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax.—
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms.
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus.
 Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector;
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
 —On whose bright crest Fame with her loudest O-yez
 Cries, *This is he!*—could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides
 What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
 The issue is embracement.—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success
 —As seld I have the chance—I would desire
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me;
 And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part.
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me, name by name;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;

But that's no welcome. Understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;

But, in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[To TROILUS.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting.
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. Oh! you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove.
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. Oh, pardon! I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for Destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;

That I have said unto my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
 And once fought with him. He was a soldier good;
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Ene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with Time.
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
 Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time . . .

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
 When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
 Ah! sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
 My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
 For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
 Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
 Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you.
 There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
 The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood. The end crowns all;
 And that old common arbitrator, Time,
 Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome!
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou.—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. Oh! like a book of sport thou'lt read me
o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understandest.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you Heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, Heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud
man,

To answer such a question. Stand again.
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, Yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips:

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never . . .

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't.
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general State, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my
tent;

There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.

As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? had she no lover there
That waits her absence?

Tro. Oh! sir, to such as boasting shew their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?

She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth;
But, still, sweet love is food for Fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]




ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achilles.

 I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and thou idol of idiot-worshipers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk.
Thou art thought to be Achilles' male-varlet.

Patr. Male-varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the ro'

ten diseases of the South, the guts-gripping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous Discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn: I will not break it.
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax. And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds, a thrifty

shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus . . . I would conspire against Destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, with Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' General.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. —Sweet draught! sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer. [*Aside.*]

Achil. Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. —Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to TROILUS.*

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit DIOMED; ULYSSES and TROILUS
following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and
NESTOR.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue,
a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when
he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He
will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the
hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell
it; it is prodigious, there will come some change;
the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps
his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than
not to dog him; they say he keeps a Trojan drab,
and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after.—
Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Diomedes.

WHAT! are you up here? ho, speak!

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio.

Diomed.—

Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*]

She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after
them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark! a word
with you. [Whispers.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take
her cliff; she's noted. [Aside.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to
folly.

Ther. Roguery! [Aside.

Dio. Nay, then . . .

Cres. I will tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin. You are a for-
sworn . . .

Cres. In faith, I cannot . . . What would you have
me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be open secretly.

[Aside.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan!

Cres. Diomed . . .

Dio. No, no, good night; I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

- Cres.* Hark! one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince. Let us depart,
 I pray you;
 Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
 To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
 The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off;
 You flow to great distraction. Come, my lord.
Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by Hell, and all Hell's torments,
 I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
 O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
 I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian! why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
 You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word.
 There is between my will and all offences
 A guard of patience; stay a little while.
Ther. —How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump,
 and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, Le-
 chery, fry! [*Aside.*]
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge! now, now! [Aside

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O Beauty! where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord . . .

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—
He lov'd me . . . O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again
I will not meet with you to-morrow night;
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens.—Well said, whetstone.
[Aside

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. Oh, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you
shall not.

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matte

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you wil
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past.—And yet it is
not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go. One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. —Nor I, by Pluto; but that that likes not
you, pleases me best. [*Aside.*]

Dio. What! shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come.—O Jove!—
Do come.—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—

[*Exit* DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind.

What Error leads, must err; oh! then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*]

Ther. —A proof of strength! She could not pub-
lish more,

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

[*Aside.*]

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
 As if those organs had deceptive functions,
 Created only to calumniate.—

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord; Cressid was here but
 now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,

For depravation—to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule; rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil
 our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on his own
 eyes? [*Aside*]

Tro. This she! no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. Oh, madness of Discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where Reason can revolt

Without perdition, and Loss assume all reason

Without revolt. This is, and is not, Cressid.

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division,

As subtle as Arachne's broken woof,

Admits no orifice for a point to enter.

Instance, O instance, strong as Pluto's gates!
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.
 Instance, O instance, strong as heaven itself!
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and
 loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half-attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus; never did young man fancy
 With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek!—as much as I do Cressid love,
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed.
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm.
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill
 My sword should bite it; not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy. [*Aside.*]

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. Oh! contain yourself;
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
 Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
 Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, Prince.—My courteous lord,
 adieu.—
 Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

Ther. [*Coming forward.*] 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore; the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

Andromache.

WHEN was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in.

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will sure prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more! I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister, arm'd and bloody in intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition;

Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. Oh! it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the Heavens! sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say; the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. Oh! be persuaded; do not count it holy
To hurt by being just; It is unlawful:¹⁴
For we'd give much count so to violent thefts,¹⁵
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still! I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus! doff thy harness,
youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. Oh! 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by Heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd Vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fye, savage, fye, fye!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am, like a prophet, suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee, that this day is ominous.
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is afield;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect: but give me leave
To take that course, by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you;
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,

Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!
 Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
 Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
 Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
 How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
 Behold, Distraction, Frenzy, and Amazement,
 Like witless antics, one another meet,
 And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away! Away!

Cas. Farewell!—Yet, soft!—Hector, I take my
 leave;
 Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.
 Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth and fight,
 Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell; the gods with safety stand about
 thee! [*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR.*]

Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe
 I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. [*Going.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
 PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yond' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally ti-
 sick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl,
 and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave
 you one o' these days. And I have a rheum in mine
 eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless
 a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on't.
 What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from
 the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*]
 The effect doth operate another way.

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV. *Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Thersites.

NOW they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy, dotting, foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm. I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the Policy of those crafty swearing rascals—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses—is not proved worth a blackberry. They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim Barbarism, and Policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes Sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall Retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! now for thy
whore, Trojan! now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no; I am a rascal, a scurvy railing knave, a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee; live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another; I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, Lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Diomedes.

GO, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid.
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv.

I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon; bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner * * *
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cediús. Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd. The dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew *me* thy face ;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector ! where's Hector ? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax.

TROILUS, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head !

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say ! where's Troilus ?

Ajax. What would'st thou ?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou should'st have my office

Ere that correction. Troilus, I say ! what Troilus !

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed ! turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay the ¹⁶ life thou ow'st me for my horse !

Dio. Ha ! art thou there ?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone ; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks ; have at you both.
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus ! Oh, well fought, my youngest brother !

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee. Ha ! Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use :
 My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
 But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;
 Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well.
 I would have been much more a fresher man,
 Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother ?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas ; shall it be ?
 No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
 He shall not carry him ; I'll be taken, too,
 Or bring him off.—Fate, hear me what I say !
 I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*]

Enter One in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek ; thou art a goodly
 mark.
 No ! wilt thou not ? I like thy armour well ;
 I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
 But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide ?
 Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achilles.

COME here about me, you my Myrmidons ;
 Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel :
 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath ;
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,
 Empale him with your weapons round about ;
 In fellest manner execute your aims.
 Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye ;
 It is decreed, Hector the Great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *The same.*

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then
THERSITES.*

Thersites.

THE cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it.
Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now,
my double-henn'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The
bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards. I am
a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind,
bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One
bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one
bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to
us; if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts
judgement. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The Devil take thee, coward! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hector.

MOST putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath.
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

*[Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield
behind him.]*

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his heels,
Even with the veil and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up; Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I
seek. [HECTOR *falls*

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A Retreat sounded

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord

Achil. The dragon-wing of night o'erspreads th
earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.

[Sheaths his sword

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exit

SCENE X. *The same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and Others, marching. *Shouts within.*

Agamemnon.

HARK! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace! drums.

[*Within.*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain!
Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is Hector's slain, and by Achilles
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
 If in his death the gods have us befriended,
 Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
 [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æneas.

STAND, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
 Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector! The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
 In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.
 Frown on, you Heavens, effect your rage with speed!
 Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile¹⁷ at Troy!
 I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
 And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
 I do not speak of flight, of fear of death;
 But dare all imminence, that gods and men
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone.
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
 Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
 Go in to Troy and say there, Hector's dead.
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you! And, thou great-sized coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker! lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit.*]

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aking bones!
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are
you set a'work, and how ill requited! Why should
our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so
loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?
Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
clothes.

As many as be here of Pander's Hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made.
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

ORIGINAL TEXT.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Your, <i>K</i>.
 2. Scorn.
 3. Will.
 4. Retires.
 5. Be't of, <i>K</i>.
 6. Do stand, <i>K</i>.
 7. Shares.
 8. Whynid'st.
 9. Old.</p> | <p>10. Lines.
 11. Pain, <i>K</i>.
 12. Married, <i>K</i>.
 13. <i>Emulations</i> (?), <i>K</i>.
 14. As lawful, <i>K</i>.
 15. As violent, <i>K</i>.
 16. Thy, <i>K</i>.
 17. <i>Smite</i> (?).</p> |
|--|--|







TIMON OF ATHENS.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.*
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian General.*

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

FLAMINUS,
LUCILIUS, } *Timon's Servants.*
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIUS, }

*Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore
two of Timon's Creditors.*

CUPID and Maskers. *Three Strangers.*

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
TIMANDRA, }

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieve
and Attendants.*

SCENE—Athens; and the Woods adjoining.



TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and
Others, at several Doors.*

Poet.



GOOD day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known ;
But what particular rarity ? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches ? See !
Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both ; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. Oh, 'tis a worthy lord !

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man ; breath'd, as it
were,

To an untirable and continuatè goodness.

He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

vz.

o

Mer. Oh! pray let's see't.—For the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate; but, for that . . .

Poet. *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the Jewel.*]

Jew. And rich. Here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes¹

From whence 'tis nourish'd. The fire i' the flint

Shews not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies

Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis; this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable! How this grace

Speaks his own standing! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,

It tutors Nature; artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens.—Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax ; no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;

* * * * *
But flies an eagle-flight, bold and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds
—As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality—tender down
Their services to Lord Timon : his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself : even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states : amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.—

All those which were his fellows but of late
 —Some better than his value—on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of
 mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip² down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common;

A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
 To shew Lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
 The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant
 of VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his
 debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait.
 Your honourable letter he desires
 To those have shut him up; which failing him
 Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;

I am not of that feather, to shake off
 My friend when he most needs me.³ I do know him
 A gentleman that well deserves a help,
 Which he shall have; I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,

But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your Honour! [*Exit.*]

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so; what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got.
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be *blest*, Lord Timon;
His honesty rewards him in itself:
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt;
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*To LUCILIUS.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
 Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
 And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
 If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future,
 all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
 To build his fortune I will strain a little;
 For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
 What you bestow in him I'll counterpoise,
 And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
 Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
 That state of fortune fall into my keeping,
 Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
 lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon;
 Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
 Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
 The painting is almost the natural man;
 For since dishonour traffics with man's nature
 He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
 Even such as they give out. I like your work;
 And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
 Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman. Give me your
 hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
 Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give; but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters. Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here!
Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle stay thou for thy good
morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou knowest I do; I call'd thee by thy
name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter;
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; what's
she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. Oh! they eat lords; so they come by great
bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy
labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not
cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, Poet!

Poet. How now, Philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work,
where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee
for thy labour; he that loves to be flattered is worthy
o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord
with my heart.

Tim. What! thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit, to be a lord.—

Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffic's thy god, and may thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
 All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [Exeunt some Attendants.]

You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence,
 Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
 Shew me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir! [They salute.]

Apem. So, so; there!
 Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
 That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
 knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
 Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
 Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir.
 Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
 In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.]

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat
 fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself; for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[Exit.

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no need, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in
Timon's House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly like himself.

Ventidius.

MOST honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods
to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,
 Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
 I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. Oh! by no means,
 Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
 I gave it freely ever; and there's none
 Can truly say he gives if he receives.
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
 To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit. [*They all stand ceremoniously
 looking on Timon.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords,
 Ceremony was but devis'd at first
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shewn;
 But where there is true friendship there needs none.
 Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
 Than my fortunes are to me. [*They sit.*]

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confessed it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. Oh, Apemantus! you are welcome.

Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome;
 I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou'rt a churl; you've got a humour
 there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame.—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yonder man is ever⁴ angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay *here* at thine apperil, Timon;
 I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian;
 therefore welcome. I myself would have no power;
 pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat ; 'twould choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods ! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not !

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood ; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.—

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men :
Methinks they should invite them without knives ;
Good for their meat and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't ; the fellow that
Sits next him now parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him : it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals ;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous
notes.

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go
round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way ! a brave fellow ! he keeps
his tides well.

Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill,
Timon.—

Here's that, which is too weak to be a liar,⁵
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire :
This and my food are equals ; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
I pray for no man, but myself :
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping ;
Or a keeper, with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.*

*Amen! amen! So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[*Eats and drinks.*]

a good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

a. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field

ib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

a. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies,
a dinner of friends.

ib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's
eat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at
a feast.

m. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies
that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me
a.

ord. Might we but have that happiness, my
that you would once use our hearts, whereby
ight express some part of our zeals, we should
ourselves for ever perfect.

a. Oh! no doubt, my good friends, but the gods
elves have provided that I shall have much help
you. How had you been my friends else? why
you that charitable title from thousands, did not
hiefly belong to my heart? I have told more
a to myself, than you can with modesty speak
r own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O
ods! think I, what need we have any friends,
should ne'er have need of 'em? they were
ost needless creatures living should we ne'er
use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet
ments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds
mselves. Why, I have often wished myself
; that I might come nearer to you. We are
o do benefits; and what better or properer can
ll our own, than the riches of our friends? Oh,
a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like
rs, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy,
ade away ere it can be born! Mine eyes can-

not hold out water, methinks : to forget their faults,
I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me
much.

Apem. Much ! [Tucket sounded.

Tim. What means that trump ?—How now !

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies,
who are

Most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ! what are their wills ?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord,
Which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon ; and to all
That of his bounties taste ! The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron ; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,⁶
Taste, touch, smell, pleased from thy table rise ;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all ; let them have kind
admittance.

Music, make their welcome. [Exit CUPID.

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are be-
lov'd.

Music. *Re-enter CUPID, with a mask of Ladies as
Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and
playing.*

Apem. Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this
way !

They dance ! they are mad women.—

Like madness is the glory of this life,
 As this pomp shews to a little oil and root.
 We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
 Upon whose age we void it up again,
 With poisonous spite and envy.—
 Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
 Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
 Of their friend's gift?—
 I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
 Would one day stamp upon me. It has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to shew their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth and lustre unto it,
 And entertain'd me with mine own device;
 I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
 Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad.

Most thankfully, my lord.
 [*Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies.*]

Tim. Flavius!—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.*

—More jewels yet! There is no crossing him in his humour;

Else I should tell him—Well, i'faith, I should—
 When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then an he could.

'Tis pity, Bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Aside. Exit, and returns with the casket.*]

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses!

Tim. Oh, my friends!

I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you honour me so much,
As to advance this jewel; accept and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts . . .

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your Honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee.
I pr'ythee, let us be provided now
To shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your Honour, the Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver-harness.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly. Let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now! what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman,
Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow
to hunt with him; and has sent your honour
two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him. And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. —What will this come to!
 He commands us to provide and give great gifts,
 And all out of an empty coffer.—
 Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
 To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
 Being of no power to make his wishes good.
 His promises fly so beyond his state,
 That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
 For every word; he is so kind, that he now
 Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
 Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
 Before I were forc'd out!—
 Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
 Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
 I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Aside and Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves
 Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.—
 Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will
 receive it.

3 Lord. Oh, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember *me*, my lord, you gave
 Good words the other day of a bay courser
 I rode on. It is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. Oh! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
 in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know
 no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect.
 I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
 I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. Oh! none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
 It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
 Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast

Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib.

Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound . . .

Tim.

And so

Am I to you.

2 Lord.

So infinitely endear'd . . .

Tim. All to you.—Lights! more lights!

1 Lord.

The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, LORDS, &c.]

Apem.

What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!

I doubt *me* whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs;

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if, I should be brib'd
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and
then thou would'st sin the faster. Thou givest so
long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself
in paper shortly. What need these feasts, pomps,
and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I
am sworn, not to give regard to you. Farewell! and
come with better music. [Exit.]

Apem. So; thou'lt not hear me now!

Thou shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

Oh, that men's ears should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[Exit.]



ACT II.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Senator.

AND late, five thousand: to Varro and to
Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former
sum,

Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste! It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold;
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty mœ
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon.
Importune him for my monies; be not ceased
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when
Commend me to your master . . . and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him, *sirrah*,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love and honour him;

But must not break my back, to heal his finger :
 Immediate are my needs ; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Ay go, sir.—Take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in. Come . . .

Caph.

I will, sir.

Sen.

Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flavius.

NO care, no stop ! so senseless of expense,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot ; takes no account
 How things go from him, nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue. Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done ? Hé will not hear, till *he* feel :
 I must be round with him now he comes from hunting.
 Fye, fye, fye !

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and

VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What !

You come for money ?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too ?

Caph. It is.—And yours too, Isidore ?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd !

Var. Serv.

I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me! What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens, here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month.

My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pry'thee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord . . .

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord . . .

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment of . . .

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants . . .

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six
weeks,

And past . . .

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord,
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither. Pray you,

[*To FLAVIUS.*

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken⁷ bonds
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen
—The time is unagreeable to this business—
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.
See them well entertained.

Flav. Pray, draw near. [Exit.]

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Ape-
mantus. Let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, Fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself,—Come away.

[To the Fool.]

Isid. Serv. [To VAR. SERV.] There is the fool hangs
on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on
him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues,
and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not
know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, Fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good Fool. How does your
mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such
chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at
Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, Captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit.]

Apem. Even so thou out-runn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-man served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, Fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, Fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, Fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Serv.*

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me.

At many leisures I propos'd . . .

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close : I did endure
 Not seldom, nor no slight checks ; when I have
 Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
 And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
 Though you hear now, too late, yet now's a time,
 The greatest of your having lacks a half
 To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone ;
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
 Of present dues : the future comes apace.
 What shall defend the interim ? and at length
 How goes our reckoning ?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. Oh, my good lord, the world is but a word !
 Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
 How quickly were it gone !

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
 Call me before the exactest auditors,
 And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
 When all our offices have been oppress'd
 With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
 With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;
 I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock-loft,
 And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord !
 How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
 This night englutted ! Who is not *Lord Timon's* ?
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is *Lord*
Timon's ?

Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon* ?
 Ah ! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
 Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter-showers,
 These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further :

No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
 Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience have,⁸
 To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,
 And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
 Men and men's fortunes could I as frankly use,
 As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
 crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these
 Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
 Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
 Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord!

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to Lord
 Lucius,—To Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
 honour to-day.—You to Sempronius. Commend me
 to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occa-
 sions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of
 money. Let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus! humph! [*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators
 —Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
 Deserv'd this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant
 A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
 —For that I knew it the most general way—
 To them to use your signet and your name;
 But they do shake their heads, and I am here
 No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
 That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
 Do what they would; are sorry . . . you are honour-
 able,

but yet they could have wished . . . they know
not . . .

Something hath been amiss . . . a noble nature
May catch a wretch . . . would all were well . . . 'tis
pity . . .

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
To Ventidius, [*To a Serv.*]—'Pr'ythee, [*To*

FLAVIUS] be not sad;
Thou art true and honest. Ingeniously I speak,
To blame belongs to thee.—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius
lately

buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
into a great estate. When he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
Clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents.—That had, [*To FLAV.*] give't
these fellows

to whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not⁹; that thought is
bounty's foe:
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Athens. A Room in Lucullus' House.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Servant.

HAVE told my lord of you; he is come down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.*Enter LUCULLUS.**Serv.* Here's my lord.*Lucul.*—One of Lord Timon's men! a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. [*Aside.*] Flaminius, ho! Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*]—And how is that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?*Flam.* His health is well, sir.*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, —And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pray Flaminius?*Flam.* 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and in every occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your ship to furnish him; nothing doubting your presence to assist therein.*Lucul.* La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and oft have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him embrace: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take

warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well; good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;

And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto dishonour¹⁰ has my lord's meat in him.
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
In him when he is turn'd to poison? Oh, may
Diseases only work upon't! and, when

He's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same. A public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, *with three Strangers.*

Lucius.

WHO? the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and shewed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his Honour.—My honour'd lord. . .

[*To* LUCIUS.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well. Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your Honour, my lord hath sent . . .

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending. How shall I thank him, thinkst thou? and what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; he cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast I, I say. I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;

And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[Exit.

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this is the world's soul; and just
of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse upright;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—Oh, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his *want*,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious
Virtue, and honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For Policy sits above Conscience. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Sempronius' House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't—Humph!—
'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;

And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison. All these owe
Their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Lucullus and Ventidius denied him?
And does he send to me? Three . . . humph! it
shews

But little love or judgement in him. Must I
Be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over; must I take the cure upon
me?—

He has much disgrac'd me in't—I am angry at him—
That might have known my place: I see no sense
for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him: and does he think
So backwardly of me now, that I'll requite
It last? No; so it may prove an argument
Of laughter to the rest, and amongst lords
I may be thought a fool.—

I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;—
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The Devil knew not what he did, when he made man
politic; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think,
but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him
clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul!
takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that,
under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on
fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,

Save the gods only: now his friends are dead.—
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master * * *
 And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. *The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO's, and the Servant of
 LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Ser-
 vants to TIMON's Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Varro's Servant.

WELL met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor.

Lucius!

What! do we meet together?

Luc. Serv.

Ay, and, I think,

One business does command us all; for mine
 Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv.

And sir . . .

Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter
 with him.

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse ;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how t'observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money,—

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes ;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness ;

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns :
what's yours ?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep : and it should seem
by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine ; else,
surely,

His had equalled . . .

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius ! sir, a word. 'Pray, is my
lord ready to come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship ; 'pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that ; he knows you are
too diligent. [Exit.]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha ! is not that his Steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a cloud ; call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir . . .

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves
But wrong, to stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve,
'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*]

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashiered worship
mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's
revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he
that has no house to put his head in? such may rail
against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. Oh! here's Servilius; now we shall know
some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
some other hour, I should derive much from't; for,
take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to dis-
content. His comfortable temper has forsook him;
he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not
sick;

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

1 Var. Serv. And mine, my lord.

2 Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord . . .

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 Var. Serv. My lord, . . .

2 Var. Serv. My lord, . . .

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.*]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors?—devils!

Flav. My dear lord . . .

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord . . .

Tim. I'll have it so.—My Steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly!—Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all on 'em,¹¹ all:
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. Oh! my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all. Let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The Senate-House.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 *Senator.*

MY lord, you have my voice to it; the fault
Is bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the
Senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, Captain!

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtue;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases Time and Fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues: nor did he soil the fact
With cowardice—an honour in him which
Buys out his fault—but with a noble fury
And fair spirit, seeing his reputation

Touched to death, he did oppose his foe ;
 And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behave¹² his anger, ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring manslaughter into form, and set
 Quarrelling upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were newly born.

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer . . .
The worst that man can breathe ; and make his wrongs
His outsides ; to wear them like his raiment, care-
lessly ;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill !

Alcib. My lord . . .

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear ;
 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
 If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threatenings? sleep upon't,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy? If there be *then*
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it ;
 And th' ass more captain than the lion ; the felon,¹³
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. Oh! my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good.
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;
 But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger is impiety ;

But who is man, that is not angry ?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain ! his service done,
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that ?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with himself ;
He's a sworn rioter, he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no *other* foes, that were enough
To overcome him ; in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him
—Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both ;
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How !

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.*

What !

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me; it could not else be, I should prove so base, to sue, and be denied such common grace. My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?
[Is in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the Senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell
Our spirit, he shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that
you may live
Only in bone, that none may look upon you!
I'm worse than mad. I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Which only in large hurts. All those, for this!
Is this the balsam, that the usuring Senate
Pours into captains' wounds? *Ha*, banishment!
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
His honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

CENE VI. *A magnificent Room in Timon's House.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending.

Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 Lord.

[THE good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this
honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir . . . Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both . . . And how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. —Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. [*Aside.*] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay. Feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly o'the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. Oh! sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord . . .

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*]

2 *Lord*. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord*. If you had sent but two hours before . . .

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord*. All cover'd dishes!

1 *Lord*. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord*. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord*. How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord*. Alcibiades is banish'd. Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord*. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 *Lord*. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord*. How, how?

2 *Lord*. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord*. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord*. This is the old man still.

3 *Lord*. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord*. It does: but time will . . . and so . . .

3 *Lord*. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a City-feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

“You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains; if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your

fees, O gods—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag¹⁴ of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.”
Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled by you with flatteries
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You Fools of Fortune, trencher-friends, Time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite maladies
Crust you quite o'er!—What! dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou.—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What! all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man, and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's
fury?

3 *Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but
humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other

day, and now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exeunt.]



ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the Walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Timon.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in
the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn in-
continent!

Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filth
Convert o'the instant green Virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast!
Rather than render back out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants,
steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!
Thy mistress is at¹⁶ the brothel. Son of sixteen,

Piuck the lean'd ¹⁶ crutch from thy old limping sire,
 With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And let ¹⁷ confusion live! Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be 'general leprosy! Breath infect breath;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!—
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
 Amen. .

[Exit.

SCENE II. Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.**Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*1 *Servant.*

HEAR you, Master Steward, where's our master?
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes . . .
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like Contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;
That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying¹⁸ deck,
Hearing the surges threat. We must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;

[*Giving them money.*]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*The Servants embrace and part several ways.*]

Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!—
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or would¹⁹ live
But in a dream of friendship? and survive
To have his pomp, and all what state comprehends,²⁰
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?—
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again!
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.—
 My dearest lord—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
 Rich, only to be wretched—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.—
 I'll follow and inquire him out, *and then*
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Woods.**Enter TIMON.**Timon.*

O BLESSED breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes,
 The greater scorns the lesser; not *even that* nature
 To whom all sores lay siege can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature. Raise me this beggar,
 And deny't that lord; the senator shall bear
 Contempt hereditary, the beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the rother's²¹ sides,
 The want that makes him lean.²² Who dares, who
 dares

In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
 So are they all; for every grize of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below; the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 / *But direct villainy.* Therefore, be abhorr'd

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea himself Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold!
 No, gods, I am no idle votarist.

(Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this, will
 make

Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right; * *
 Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.)

Ha, you gods! why this . . . What, this, you gods!
 why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
 This yellow slave will knit and break religions;
 Bless the accurs'd; make the hoar leprosy ador'd;
 Place thieves, and give them title, knee, and appro-
 bation,

With senators on the bench: *this*, this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a
 drum!—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee. Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike
 manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
 heart,

For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:

for if
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin-look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to

Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou
art a man!

If thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou'rt a

man!
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

when I had prosperity.

when I saw 'st them, then was a blessed time.

them now; then was a blessed time.

mine is now, held with a brace of

Timon. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world

Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not that use thee,

—Give them diseases—leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band; I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them . . .

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well.

Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap . . .

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i'thy conquest,
and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. For that, by killing

Of villains, thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold. Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
 In the sick air ; let not thy sword skip one.
 Pity not honour'd age for his white beard ;
 He's an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron ;
 It is her habit only that is honest,
 Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,
 That through the window-bars²³ bore at men's eyes,
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
 But set 'em down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;
 Think it a bastard, who the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy²⁴ throat shall cut,
 And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects ;
 Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes ;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :
 Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself !—Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou
 giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heaven's curse
 upon thee !

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon.
 Hast thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And, to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant. You are not oathable,
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
 I'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still ;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six
 months *thence*

Be quite contrary, and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead—some that were hang'd,
No matter—wear them, betray with them; whore
still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.

A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold.—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do anything for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's
voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly; hoar the flamen,
That scolds again the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself; down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee
Smells from the general weal; make curl'd pate
ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all of them;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold;
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have
given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum, towards Athens!—Fare-
well, Timon.

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it so. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib.
Strike!

We but offend him.—

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same *forming* mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy²⁴ human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—Oh! a root! dear thanks!—
Dry up thy married²⁵ vines and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his impure mind,
That from it all consideration slips . . .

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man! Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune.²⁶ Why this spade? this place?
This slavelike habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,

By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent.—Thou wast told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bade wel-
 come,

To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just,
 That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thy-
 self;

A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd²⁷
 trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold
 brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer mere nature . . . bid them flatter thee.
 Oh! thou shalt find . . .

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart!

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why so?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too!

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before it:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish. Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;

* * * * *

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows . . . I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden;
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
men?

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rogue,²⁸
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stiff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee,
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone!—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. *[Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering him something.

Tim. First mend my²⁹ company; take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of
thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feedest thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in
thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too
much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but
art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for
thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf; if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner; wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury; wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What *beast could'st* thou be, that were not subject to a

beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How, has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the City!

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.—
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twi'xt natural son and sire³⁰! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;
But not till I am dead!—I'll say thou hast gold;
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*
More things like men!—Eat, Timon, and abhor
them.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Band.* Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his re-
mainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling-
from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Band.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Band.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he
care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covet-
tously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Band.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Band.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Band.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Band.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves!

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.³¹

hy should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
ithin this mile break forth a hundred springs;

he oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

he bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush

lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Band.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
he beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

ou must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,

at you are thieves profess'd; that you work not

holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

limited professions. Rascal thieves,

ere's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape

ll the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

nd so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;

is antidotes are poison, and he slays

ore than you rob; take wealth and lives together;

o villainy,³² do, since you protest to do't,

ike workmen. I'll example you with thievery:

he sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

obs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,

nd her pale fire she snatches from the sun;

he sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

he moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,

hat feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n

rom general excrement: each thing's a thief;

he laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power,

ave uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away!

Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go,
 Break open shops; for nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it. Steal *not the less* for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen. [TIMON retires to his Cave.

3 *Band.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Band.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Band.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Band.* Let us first see peace in Athens. There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
 Is yond' despis'd and ruinous man my lord,
 Full of decay and failing? O monument
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
 What an alteration of honour has desperate want
 made!—
 What viler thing upon the earth than friends,
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do!—
 He has caught me in his eye: I will present
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
 Then, if thou grantest thou'rt a man, I have forgot
thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :
I ne'er had honest man about me, I ;
All that I kept were knaves, to serve in meat
To villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What! dost thou weep?—Come nearer ;—
then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do ne'er give tears,
But thorough lust and laughter ; Pity's sleeping.
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.³³
Let me behold thy face.—Surely this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but one ;
No more, I pray *you*,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself. But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.—
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise ;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service :
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true
— For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous ?
Is³⁴ it not a usuring kindness ? and, as rich men
Deal gifts, expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you did
feast;

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I shew, Heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord, for any benefit
That points to me, either in hope, or present, I'd
Exchange it for this one wish, that you had power
And wealth to requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take; the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy;
But thus condition'd.—Thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; shew charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted
woods;

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so farewell, and thrive.

Flav. Oh! let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly whilst thou'rt bless'd and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Timon's Cave.**Enter Poet and Painter.**Painter.*

AS I took note of the place, it cannot be far
Where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the rumour hold for true, that he's
so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia
And Timandra had gold of him. He likewise
Enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.
'Tis said, he gave unto his Steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try
for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in
Athens

Again, and flourish with the highest: therefore,
'Tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him,
In this suppos'd distress of his. It will shew
Honestly in us; and is very likely
To load our purposes³³ with what they travel for;
If it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing

At this time but my visitation; only
I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must

Serve him so too; tell him of an intent
That's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best; promising
Is the very air o' the time. It opens the eyes
Of Expectation; Performance is ever the duller
For his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind

Of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use.
 To promise is most courtly and fashionable ;
 Performance is a kind of will or testament,
 Which argues a great sickness in his judgement
 That makes it.

Enter TIMON from his Cave.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint
 A man so bad as is thyself. [*Aside.*]

Poet. I am thinking,
 What I shall say I have provided for him.
 It must be a personating of himself:
 A satire against the softness of prosperity ;
 With a discovery of the infinite flatteries,
 That follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine
 own work ?
 Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men ? Do so,
 I have gold for thee. [*Aside.*]

Poet. Nay, let's seek him ;
 Then do we sin against our own estate,
 When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True ;
 When the day serves, before black-cover'd ^{so} night,
 Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
 Come.

Tim. —I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's
 gold,
 That he is worship'd in a baser temple,
 Than where swine feed !—

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the
 foam ;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave.
 To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye
 Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !
 'Tis fit I meet them. [*Aside, then advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon !

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir,
 Having often of your open bounty tasted,
 Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
 Whose thankless natures . . . O abhorred spirits!
 Not all the whips of Heaven are large enough . . .
 What! to you!
 Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence
 To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
 The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
 With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better.
 You, that are honest, by being what you are,
 Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
 Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
 And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite
 you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? No.

Both. What we can do we'll do, to do you ser-
 vice.

Tim. You are honest men. You have heard that
 I have gold;
 I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest
 men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
 Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a coun-
 terfeit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
 Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
 [To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
 That thou art even natural in thine art.—
 But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him, and
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold.
Rid me these villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in com-
pany;
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If where thou art two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.]
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.]
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye
slaves.

You have worked for me, there is payment. Hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that.—
Out, rascal dogs! [Exit, beating and driving them out.]

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.**Flavius.*

IT is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
 For he is set so only to himself,
 That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
 Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave;
 It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
 To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
 Men are not still the same. 'Twas Time and griefs
 That fram'd him thus; Time, with his fairer hand,
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,
 The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
 And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
 Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
 Look out, and speak to friends. The Athenians,
 By two of their most reverend Senate, greet thee.
 Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! . . . Speak,
 and be hang'd.
 For each true word, a blister! and each false
 Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
 Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon . . .

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The Senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back
 the plague,
 Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. Oh! forget
 What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The Senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross,
—Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it own fall, restraining aid to Timon—
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears.
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes
And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens—thine, and ours—to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority,—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon . . .

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd War;

Then, let him know—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
 In pity of our aged and our youth—
 I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
 And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer. For myself,
 There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous gods,
 As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not; all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
 It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
 Of health and living now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
 And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
 through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
 In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
 That Nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
 them;

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom³⁷ once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour³⁸ words go by, and language end!
What is amiss plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Walls of Athens.*

Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 *Senator.*

THOU hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least.
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,

Whom, though on several part we were oppos'd . . .
 Yet our old love had a particular force,
 And made us speak like friends.—This man was
 riding
 From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
 With letters of entreaty, which imported
 His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
 In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
 The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
 Doth choke the air with dust. In and prepare;
 Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes, the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a
 Tombstone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Soldier.

BY all description this should be the place.
 Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer!—What
 is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span.
 Some beast rear'd³⁹ this; there does not live a man.
 Dead, sure; and this his grave.—What's on this tomb
 I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax.
 Our captain hath in every figure skill;
 An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]



SCENE V. *Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

Alcibiades.

SOUND to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*]

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traver's'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, *No more!* now breathless Wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pury Insolence shall break his wind,
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our City's love,
By humble message and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your grief; nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should
fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.*

Nor are they living,

Who were the motives that you first went out ;
 Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess,
 Hath broke their hearts.—March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread :
 By decimation and a tithed death
 —If thy revenges hunger for that food,
 Which Nature loathes—take thou the destin'd tenth ;
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended :
 For those that were, it is not square, to take,
 On those that are, revenges ; crimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage ;
 Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
 With those that have offended ; like a shepherd,
 Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
 But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
 Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
 Or any token of thine honour else,
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove.
 Descend, and open your uncharged ports ;
 Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
 Whom you yourself shall set out for reproof,
 Fall, and no more : and—to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning—not a man
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream

Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 But shall be render'd⁴⁰ to your public laws
 At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the Gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble General, Timon is dead;
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
 And on his gravestone, this insculpture; which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
 Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of
 wretched soul bereft:*

*Seek not my name: A plague consume you, wicked
 caitiffs left!*

*Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
 Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here
 thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits;
 Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
 Scorn'dst our brains' flow, and those our droplets
 which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
 Is noble Timon; of whose memory
 Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword;
 Make War breed Peace; make Peace stint War;
 make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]



ORIGINAL TEXT.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Gown . . . uses. | 21. Brother's. |
| 2. Sit. | 22. Leave. |
| 3. Must need. | 23. Barne. |
| 4. Very. | 24. The. |
| 5. Sinner. | 25. Marrows, <i>K</i> . |
| 6. There. | 26. Future. |
| 7. Debt, broken, <i>K</i> . | 27. Moist. |
| 8. Lack, <i>K</i> . | 28. Ragge. |
| 9. Not think it, <i>K</i> . | 29. Thy. |
| 10. His honour, <i>K</i> . | 30. Sun and fire. |
| 11. Ullorxa, <i>K</i> . | 31. <i>Men</i> (!). |
| 12. Behoove. | 32. Villain. |
| 13. Fellow. | 33. Wild. |
| 14. Legge. | 34. If, <i>K</i> . |
| 15. O', <i>K</i> . | 35. <i>Purses</i> (!). |
| 16. Lyn'd, <i>K</i> . | 36. Corner'd, <i>K</i> . |
| 17. Yet. | 37. Who. |
| 18. <i>Sinking</i> (!), <i>K</i> . | 38. Foure. |
| 19. To, <i>K</i> . | 39. Reade. |
| 20. Compounds. | 40. Remedied. |







CORIO LANUS.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
COMINIUS, }

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

Young MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messenger, Servants
to Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

SCENE—*partly in Rome; and partly in the Terri-
tories of the Volscians and Antiates.*



CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Citizen.



BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good Citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patricians, good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us; if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear:

the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes; for, the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him. You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the City is risen; why stay we prating here? To the Capitol!

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough. 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you!

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the Senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman State; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the Patricians, make it, and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack! You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir. Yet you must not

think to fob off our disgrace with a tale; but, an't please you, deliver it.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members,

Rebell'd against the belly, thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered . . .

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus
—For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer. What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?

—'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body . . .

Men. Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small—of what you have little—

Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend.

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:—
*True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: and though that all at once,
You, my good friends—this says the belly, mark me—*

1 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. *Though all at once cannot*

See what I do deliver out to each;

Yet I can make my audit up, that all

From me do back receive the flour of all,

And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1 Cit. It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members. For—examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly—
Touching the weal of the common, you shall find
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. What do you think?
You the great toe of this assembly?

1 Cit. I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost,
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—
What is the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will
flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese. You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Justice did it. Who deserves great-
ness,

Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust
ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter?
That in these several places of the City
You cry against the noble Senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another.—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they
say,
The City is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know

What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines; side factions and
 give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
 enough!

Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are all most thoroughly persuaded;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But I beseech you,
 What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em!
 They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
 verbs;—

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
 That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent
 not

Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds
 They vented their complainings; which being an-
 swer'd,

And a petition granted them—a strange one
 To break the heart of Generosity,
 And make bold Power look pale—they threw their
 caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
 Shouting² their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
 Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus, *another*,
 Sicinius Velutus, and I know not . . . 'Sdeath!
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the City,
 Ere so prevail'd with me. It will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
 For Insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here. What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent

Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us; The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader, Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't. I sin in envying his nobility; And were I any thing but what I am, I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were, half to half, the world by the ears and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt to make Only my wars with him. He is a lion That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius, Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise,

Mar. Sir, it is; And I am constant. Titus Lartius,³ thou shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face. What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius; I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other, Ere stay behind this business.

Men. Oh, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on.
Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius !⁴

1 *Sen.* Hence ! To your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The Volsces have much corn ; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth. Pray, follow us.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and*

MENEN. Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people . . .

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts !

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him ! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame—at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the General's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy Censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, *Oh, if he*
Had borne the business !

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come.—
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. Corioles. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 Senator.

SO, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words—I think
I have the letter here; yes, here it is— [Reads.]
*They have prest a power; but it is not known
Whether for east, or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy
—Who is of Rome worse hated than of you—
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent. Most likely, 'tis for you;
Consider of it.*

1 Sen. Our army's in the field;
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when

They needs must shew themselves; which in the
hatching,
It seems^s, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was
To take in many towns, ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioles.
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but I think you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. Oh! doubt not that;
I speak from certainties.—Nay, more;
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your Honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Rome. *An Apartment in
Marcius' House.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on
two low stools, and sew.*

Volumnia.

I PRAY you, daughter, sing; or express yourself
in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my
husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence
wherein he won honour, than in the embracements
of his bed, where he would shew most love. When
yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of
my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all

gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely. Had I a dozen sons—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not. [*They rise.*]

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome. His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy. The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
 At Grecian sword, contemning⁶ . . . Tell Valeria,
 We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
 And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam . . .

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son; I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: and⁷ whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it! Oh, I warrant, how he mammoct it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies-in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam!

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the General is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioles; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Before Corioles.*

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Marcus.

YONDER comes news. A wager, they have met.
Lart. My horse to yours, No.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him; lend you him
 I will

For half a hundred years. Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee make us quick in work,
 That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
 To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some
 Senators, and Others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, but^s a man that fears you less than he,
 That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Alarums afar off.]
 Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls,
 Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
 Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
 They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off.

[Other Alarums.]
 There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
 Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. Oh, they are at it!
Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave
Titus;

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my
fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting.
The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-
enter MARCIUS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the South light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of . . . Boils and
plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you. Look to't; come on!
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches follows.

*Another Alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter,
and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into
Corioles, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope. Now prove good seconds;
'Tis for the followers Fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers. Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness! not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fiers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates. He is himself alone
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensibly, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands⁹ up! Thou art left, Mar-
cius . . .

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's¹⁰ wish; not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes, but, with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. Oh! 'tis Marcius.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

SCENE V. *Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 Roman.

THIS will I carry into Rome.

2 Rom.

And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on it! I took this for silver.
 [*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their
 hours

At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
 Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
 Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
 Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them;
 And hark, what noise the General makes!—To him!
 There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
 Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
 Convenient numbers to make good the city;
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
 To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
 Thy exercise hath been too violent
 For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
 My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.
 The blood I drop is rather physical
 Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
 I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
 Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
 Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
 Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
 Than those she placeth highest! So farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit* MARCIUS.
 Go, sound thy trumpet in the Market-place;
 Call thither all the officers of the town,
 Where they shall know our mind. Away! [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE VI. *Near the Camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

Cominius.

BREATHE you, my friends. Well fought; we
 are come off
 Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
 Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
 We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
 By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
 The charges of our friends.—Ye Roman gods,
 Lead their successes as we wish our own!
 That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-
 tering,
 May give you thankful sacrifice!—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioles have issued,
 And given to Lartius and to Martius battle.
 I saw our party to their trenches driven,
 And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
 Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
 since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums.
 How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
 And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
 Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
 Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
 Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
 That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!

He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioles, in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth. But for our gentlemen,
The common file—A plague! Tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think it.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which
side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiats,¹¹
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiats;
And that you not delay the present, but
—Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts—
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here
—As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded, wave thus
[*Waving his Sword.*

To express his disposition, and follow Marcius.
[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him
up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O me! alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number
—Though thanks to all—must I select from all; the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And forth¹² shall quickly draw out my command
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows.
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The Gates of Corioles.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioles, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lartius.

SO, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,
 As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
 Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
 For a short holding. If we lose the field,
 We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence then, and shut your gates upon us.—
 Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Marcus.

I'LL fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
 Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
 Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
 More than thy fame, and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
 And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
 Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
 Alone I fought in your Corioles walls,

And made what work I pleas'd. 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the
aid of AUFIDIUS.*]

Officious, and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*]

SCENE IX. *The Roman Camp.*

*Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at
one side, COMINIUS, and Roman; at the other side,
MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.*

Cominius.

IF I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great Patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tri-
bunes,

That, with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, *We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!*—

Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from
the pursuit.*

Lart.

O General,

Here is the steed, we the caparison.
Hadst thou beheld . . .

Mar. Pray now, no more; my mother
Who has a charter to extol her blood,

When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can: induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own. 'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you
—In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses
—Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store—
of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword. I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius! Marcius!
cast up their caps and lances: COMINIUS and
LARTIUS stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing; when steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let pipes¹³ be made

An overture for the wars! no more! I say.—
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
 Or foil'd some debile wretch, which without note
 Here's many else have done, you shout¹⁴ me forth
 In acclamations hyperbolical!
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
 In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful
 To us that give you truly. By your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
 —Like one that means his proper harm—in manacles;
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland. In token of the which
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioles, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS¹⁵ CORIOLANUS.—
 Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
 And, when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you.
 I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioles back. Send us to Rome
 The best with whom we may articulate
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
 Of my Lord General.

Com. Take it; 'tis yours. What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioles,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me *very* kindly.
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity.—I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. Oh, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot.—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to. Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X. *The camp of the Volsces.*

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Aufidius.

THE town is ta'en!
1 *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good con-
dition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volscer, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him, beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

1 *Sol.* He's the Devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour,
poison'd

With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep, nor sanctuary;
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol;
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice;
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard¹⁶, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the
city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sol.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress-grove. I pray
you

—'Tis south the city-mills—bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it,
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]




ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Menenius.

 HE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people; for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry Plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the City? I mean of us o' the right hand'file. Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now . . . Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience. Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry

at your pleasures ; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud ?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone ; for your helps are many : or else your actions would grow wondrous single ; your abilities are too infantlike, for doing much alone. You talk of pride ! Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves ! Oh, that you could !

Bru. What then, sir ?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in't ; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint ; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion ; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter ; and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen as you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the Ass in compound with the major part of your syllables : and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men ; yet they lie deadly, that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too ? What harm can your beesome conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too ?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and

legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly Plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you. [*BRU. and SIC. retire to the back of the Scene.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—
Hoo! Marcius coming home? [*Throwing it up.*]

The Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the State hath another, his wife another: and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night. A letter for me!

Vol. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricitic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh! no, no, no.

Vol. Oh! he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much. Brings 'a victory in his pocket? The wounds become him.

Vol. On his brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that; an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioles, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes; the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is

he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm. There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received, in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A Shout, and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius; before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears. Death, that dark spirit, in his nervy arm doth lie, Which, being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioles gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; For these in honour follows Coriolanus.—

Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart.

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother . . .

Cor.

Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up!

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd . . .

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But oh! thy wife . . .

Cor. My gracious Silence, hail!
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd
home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioles wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon!

Vol. I know not where to turn. · Oh! welcome
home; [To VALERIA.]

And welcome, General;—and you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome.
A curse begin at very root on his heart,
That is not glad to see thee! You are three,
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will
not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle but a nettle; and
The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.
[To his Wife and Mother.]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good Patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them charge of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy * * *
Only there is one thing wanting, which, I doubt not,
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,

VI.

x

I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com.

On to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The Tribunes remain.*]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats of him; the kitchen-malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, win-
dows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him; seld-shewn Flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station; our veiled dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were sliely crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic.

On the sudden,

I warrant him Consul.

Bru.

Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those *that* he hath won.

Bru.

In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not the Commoners, for whom we
stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru.

I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
 Appear i' the Market-place, nor on him put
 The napless vesture of humility;
 Nor, shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
 To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word. Oh! he would miss it, rather
 Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
 And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
 Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
 In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills it,
 A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
 To him, or our authorities. For an end
 We must suggest the people, in what hatred
 He still hath held them; that, to his power, he would
 Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
 Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
 In human action and capacity,
 Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
 Than camels in their wars; who have their provand
 Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
 For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
 At some time when his soaring insolence
 Shall teach the people—which time shall not want,
 If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
 As to set dogs on sheep . . . will be his fire
 To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
 Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol;
 'Tis thought that Marcius shall be Consul. I
 Have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and

The blind to hear him speak ; matrons flung *their*
gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd ; the Nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue ; and the Commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and shouts.
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol ;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 Officer.

COME, come, they are almost here. How many
stand for Consulships ?

2 Off. Three, they say ; but 'tis thought of every
one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow ; but he's vengeance
proud, and loves not the common people.

2 Off. 'Faith, there have been many great men that
have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them ; and
there be many that they have loved, they know not
wherefore : so that if they love they know not why,
they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for
Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate
him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their
disposition ; and, out of his noble carelessness, *he* lets
them plainly see't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love
or no, he waded indifferently 'twixt doing them neither
good, nor harm ; but he seeks their hate with greater
devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves
nothing undone, that may fully discover him their

opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report. But he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them. COMINIUS, the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS. SICINIUS and BRUTUS take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please
you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present Consul, and last General
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We are met here both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius.
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our State's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,

Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off.
I would you rather had been silent; please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people.
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus. Never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your Honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But, your people,
I love them as they weigh . . .

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit.]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one, when you now see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one on his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice; the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver; if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; our then Dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him; he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the Consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioles, let me say,
I cannot speak him home. He stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city; which he parted¹⁷
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioles, like a planet. Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did

Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil; and, till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
 Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
 And look'd upon things precious, as they were
 The common muck o' the world. He covets less
 Than Misery itself would give; rewards
 His deeds with doing them; and is content
 To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
 Let him be called for.

1 Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
 To make thee Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
 My life and services.

Men. It then remains,
 That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
 Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage.
 Please you that I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
 Must have their voices; neither will they bate
 One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't.
 Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
 Take to you, as your predecessors have,
 Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
 That I shall blush in acting, and might well

Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that? [*To Sic.*]

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus;
Shew them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, Tribunes of the People,
Our purpose to them; and to our noble Consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish.* *Then exeunt Senators.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require
them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here. On the Market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Citizen.*

ONCE, if he do require our voices, we ought not
to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it; but it
is a power that we have no power to do: for if he
shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to
put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for
them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also
tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude
is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful,
were to make a monster of the multitude; of the
which, we being members, should bring ourselves to
be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience's sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks. You may, you may . . .

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues. Therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Men. Oh! sir, you are not right; have you not known
The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?—
*I pray sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
 My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir;—my wounds!—
 I got them in my country's service, when
 Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
 From the noise of our own drums.*

Men. O me, the gods!
 You must not speak of that; you must desire them
 To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me! Hang 'em!
 I would they would forget me, like the virtues
 Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all;
 I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
 In wholesome manner. [Exit.

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
 And keep their teeth clean. So, here comes a brace.—
 You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay not¹⁸

Mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir; 'twas never my desire yet,
 To trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think,
 If we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the Consulship?

1 Cit. The price of it is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray let me ha't; I have wounds to shew you,
 Which shall be yours in private: your good voice, sir.
 What say you?

2 Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.

I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again . . . but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be Consul . . . I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and, since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you I may be Consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to sterve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolless¹⁹ toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't:
 What Custom wills, in all things should we do't,
 The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one that would do thus. I am half through;
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices! for your voices I have fought;
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
 I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, I
 Have done many things, some less, some more.

Your voices!

Indeed, I would be Consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without
 any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul. The gods give
 him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, Amen.

God save thee, noble Consul! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor.

Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the
 Tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
 That, in the official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor.

Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd.
 The people do admit you; and are summon'd
 To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the Senate-house?

Sic.

There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the Senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,

'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech; he did not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully; he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All Cit. No, no; no man saw 'em.
[*Several speak.*]

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he could
shew in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be Consul, says he: aged Custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore. When we granted that,

Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—

Your most sweet voices;—now you have left your voices,

I have no farther with you.—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd?—when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the State,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal; and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the State,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the Plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Should²⁰ think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught: so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves? and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your
bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On²¹ him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him.

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,

They have chose a Consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;

And, on a safer judgement, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you; besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your Tribunes; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your minds,
Preoccupy'd with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him Consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to
you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was King;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,

That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
And Censorinus, he that was so nam'd,
 —And nobly nam'd so, twice being Censor—
 Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
 That hath beside well in his person wrought
 To be set high in place, we did commend
 To your remembrances ; but you have found,
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
 Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't
 —Harp on that still—but by our putting on ;
 And presently, when you have drawn your number,
 Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so ; almost all
 Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on ;
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,
 Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and answer
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol.
 Come ; we'll be there before the stream o' the people ;
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Coriolanus.

BULLUS Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was,
 which caus'd
 Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
 Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
 Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, Lord Consul, so,
 That we shall hardly in our ages see
 Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
 Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
 Yielded the town. He is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
 That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
 Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
 To hopeless restitution, so he might
 Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
 To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[*To LARTIUS.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous

To go on. No further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Com-
mon?

Bru. Cominius, No.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the Mar-
ket-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your
offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility.

Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

*Cor.*²² You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be Consul? By yond' clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow-Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a Consul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd. Set on. This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again . . .

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons; for the mutable,
Rank-scented many, let them regard me as
I do not flatter, and therein behold themselves.—
I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
 Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
 Which we disdain'd should tetter us, yet sought
 The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
 As if you were a god to punish, not
 A man of their infirmity.

Sic. T'were well,
 We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!
 Were I as patient as the midnight-sleep,
 By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
 That shall remain a poison where it is,
 Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!
 Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
 His absolute *Shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall!*

O good, but most unwise Patricians! why,
 You grave, but reckless Senators, have you thus
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
 That with his peremptory *Shall*—being but
 The horn and noise o' the monsters—wants not spirit
 To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then veil your ignorance; if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
 If they be Senators; and they are no less,
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
 And such a one as he, who puts his *Shall*,
 His popular *Shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,

It makes the Consuls base; and my soul akes,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon Confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.

Com. Well,—on to the Market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
 power;

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
 One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. They know, the
 corn

Was not their²³ recompense; resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't. Being press'd to the war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates; this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them; the accusation
 Which they have often made against the Senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the motive²⁴
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?

How shall this bosom multiplied digest
 The Senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words:—*We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.—Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
 The locks o' the Senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles.

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with overmeasure.

Cor. No, take more.

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the Yea and No
Of general ignorance, it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of State,
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the State
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul! No.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho! Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile*] in whose name, I myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help! ye citizens.

Re-enter the Ædiles, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would

Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*

2 Sen. Weapons! weapons! weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*

Tribunes, Patricians, citizens! what ho!

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak.—You, Tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience,—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me! people; peace!

Cit. Let's hear our Tribune. Peace! Speak, speak,
speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties;
Marcius would have all from you, Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for Consul.

Men. Fye, fye, fye!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the City, but the people?

Cit. True,
The people are the City.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the City flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him.
Bear him to the Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, Tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the Rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

[Drawing his Sword.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me do.

Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, with-
draw awhile.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius! help, help,
You that be noble! help him, young and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the People, are all beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

2 Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, beseech you.

Com.²⁵ Come, sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol . . . Be gone.
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt COR. COM. and others.*]

1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's in
his mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of Death.— [A noise within.
Here's goodly work!

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber! What the
vengeance!
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the City, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy Tribunes . . .

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian Rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble Tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on it.
[Several speak together.

Men. Sir, sir . . .

Sic. Peace!

Men. Do not cry, Havoc! where you should but
hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes't, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak;
As I do know the Consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.

Sic. Consul! what Consul?

Men. The Consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He Consul!

Cit. No,

No, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the Tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but our²⁶ danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam,
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. Oh! he's a limb, that has but a disease:
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost
—Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country;
And what is left, to lose it by his country
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry; when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was!

Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;

Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed Rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties—as he is belov'd—break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so . . .

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our *Ædiles* smote? ourselves resisted? Come!—

Men. Consider this. He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
In peace where he shall answer, by a lawful
Form²⁷ to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market-place. We'll attend you
there;
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you *there*.—
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Coriolanus' House.**Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.**Coriolanus.*

LET them pull all about mine ears ; present me
 Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
 Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian Rock,
 That the precipitation might down-stretch
 Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
 Be thus to them.

1 *Pat.* You do the nobler part.

Cor. I muse, my mother
 Does not approve me further, who was wont
 To call them woollen vassals, things created
 To buy and sell with groats ; to shew bare heads
 In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance stood up
 To speak of peace or war.—I talk of you.

[*To VOL. who enters.*

Why did you wish me milder ? would you have me
 False to my nature ? Rather say, I play
 The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir !
 I would have had you put your power well on,
 Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
 With striving less to be so ; lesser had been
 The thwartings²⁸ of your disposition, if
 You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd,
 Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
 thing too rough ;

You must return, and mend it.

1 *Sen.* There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good City
Cleave in the midst and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours to yield;
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman.
Before he should thus stoop to the herd²⁹—but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole State—I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the Tribunes.
Cor. Well,
What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them! I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak, . . . I have heard you say,
Honour and Policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together. Grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not—which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy—how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With Honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why 'force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you with,

But with such words that are but roted³⁰ in
 Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
 Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
 Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
 Than to take in a town with gentle words,
 Which else would put you to your fortune, and
 The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
 My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
 I should do so in honour. I am in this,
 Your wife, your son, these Senators, the Nobles;
 And you will rather shew our general lowts
 How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
 For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
 Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
 Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
 Not *only* what is dangerous present, but
 The loss of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
 Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
 And thus far having stretch'd it,—here be with them—
 Thy knee bussing the stones,—for in such business
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
 More learned than the ears—waving thy head
 Often thus, which correcting thy stout heart,
 Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
 That will not hold the handling, say³¹ to them,
 Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
 As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
 Even as she speaks, why, *all* their hearts were yours;
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
 As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,

Go, and be rul'd ; although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the Market-place : and, sir, 'tis
fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence ; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—
Pr'ythee, now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarbed sconce ?
must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear ? Well, I will do't.
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the Market-
place !

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son ; as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so
To have my praise for this perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't.

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turn'd
—Which quired with my drum—into a pipe
Small as an eunuch's or the virgin-voice
That babies lulls³² asleep ! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks ; and schoolboy's tears take up
The glasses of my sight ! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips ; and my armed knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his

That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol.

At thy choice then ;

To beg of thee it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin ; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness : for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me ;
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor.

Pray, be content.

Mother, I am going to the Market-place ;
Chide me no more : I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife ; I'll return Consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do,
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol.

Do your will. [*Erit.*

Com. Away ; the Tribunes do attend you. Arm
yourself

To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, 'mildly.'—Pray you, let us go ;
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men.

Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then ; mildly be it then !

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE III. *The same. The Forum.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.**Brutus.*

IN this point charge him home, that he affects
 Tyrannical power. If he evade us there,
 Enforce him with his envy to the people;
 And that the spoil, got on the Antiats,
 Was ne'er distributed.

Enter an Ædile.

What! will he come?

Æd. He's coming.*Bru.* How accompanied?*Æd.* With old Menenius, and those Senators

That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue

Of all the voices that we have procur'd,

Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.*Sic.* Have you collected them by tribes?*Æd.* I have.*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither:And when they hear me say, *It shall be so**I' the right and strength o' the Commons*, be it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,

If I say, 'fine,' cry *Fine*; if 'death,' cry *Death*;

Insisting on the old prerogative

And power, i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.*Bru.* And when such time they have begun to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd

Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.*Sic.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru.

Go about it.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight; he hath been us'd
 Ever to conquer, and to have his wreak³³
 Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
 Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
 What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
 With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
 and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
 Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd
 gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
 Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
 Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
 And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your Tribunes. Audience: peace!

I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
 Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
 Allow their officers, and are content
 To suffer lawful censure for such faults
 As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo! citizens, he says, he is content.
 The warlike service he has done consider;
 Think upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
 Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider farther,
That, when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His rougher accents³⁴ for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy to you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That, being pass'd for Consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that i' the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then; 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! traitor!

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise!

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
'Thou liest,' unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the Rock! to the Rock with him!

Sic. Peace;

We need not put new matter to this charge.
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome . . .

Cor. What do you prate of service ?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You ?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother ?

Com. Know,

I pray you . . .

Cor. I'll know no further.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, flaying . . . Pent to linger

But with a grain a day, I would not buy ;

Their mercy at the price of one fair word ;

Nor check my courage for what they can give,

To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

—As much as in him lies—from time to time

Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power ; as now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence

only

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers

That do distribute it ; in the name o' the people,

And in the power of us the Tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city ;

In peril of precipitation

From off the Rock Tarpeian, never more

To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,

I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so ; let him away :

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends . . .

Sic. He's sentenc'd ; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak ;

I have been Consul, and can shew for³⁵ Rome

Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love

My country's good, with a respect more tender,

More holy, and profound, than mine own life,

My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that . . .

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country.
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! have you the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance—which finds not, till it feels—
Making not³⁶ reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes, deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising, for you,
The City, thus I turn my back upon it:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the City.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
come, come.

The gods preserve our noble Tribunes! Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS,
COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Coriolanus.



COME, leave your tears; a brief farewell:
the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay,
mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremities was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating; that Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle-wounded,
craves

A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O Heavens! O Heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman . . .

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,

And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime General,
 I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
 My hazards still have been your solace; and
 Believe't not lightly—though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen³⁷
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen—your son
 Will or *not* exceed the common or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My fairest³⁸ son,
 Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while; and determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance
 That starts i' the way before thee.

*Vir.*³⁹ Oh, the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month; devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well.
 Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
 Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.—
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still; and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
 As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
 I'd with thee every foot.

Cor.
Come.

Give me thy hand.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sicinius.

BID them all home; he's gone, and we'll no farther.

The Nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done;
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home.
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us;
Keep on your way.

Vol. Oh, y'are well met! The hoarded plague o' the
gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear...
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*To BRUTUS.*]

Vir. You shall stay too. [*To Sic.*] I would I had
the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame? Note but this fool.

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed Heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what . . . Yet go!
Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand . . .

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace!

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the
rabble.

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which Heaven
Will not have earth to know!

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone;
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this.
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far, my son,
—This lady's husband here, this, do you see?—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart.

Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with
me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go.
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fye, fye, fye! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Highway, between Rome and Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Roman.

I KNOW you well, sir, and you know me. Your
name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir; truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you
are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you;
but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.
What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the
Volscian State, to find you out there; you have well
saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrec-
tion; the people against the Senators, Patricians, and
Nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? Our State
thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation,
and hope to come upon them in the heat of their di-
vision.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
thing would make it flame again; for the Nobles
receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy
Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all
power from the people, and to pluck from them their

Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd!

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is, when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you; you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one; the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Antium. Before Aufidius' House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.

Coriolanus.

A GOODLY city is this Antium.—City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars

Have I heard groan and drop : then know me not ;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the Nobles of the State,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir ; farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*]
O world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seems to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity ; so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues : so with me ;
My birth-place hate⁴⁰ I, and my love's upon
This enemy-town. I'll enter. If he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *The same. A Hall in Aufidius' House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 Servant.

WINE, wine, wine ! What service is here !
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus! [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house! The feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? whence
are you? Here's no place for you; pray, go to the
door. [*Exit.*]

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such com-
panions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away! Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd
with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The second meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

2 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on; I can-
not get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee, call my
master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray
you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some

other station; here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid. Come.

Cor. Follow your function, go! and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away.

3 Serv. What! you will not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall.

[Exit.

3 Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy!

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[Beats him away.

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldest thou? thy name?

Why speakest not? Speak, man. What is thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me,

[Unmuffling.

Dost not think me for the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myself.

Auf.

What is thy name?

[Servants retire.

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf.

Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou
me yet?

Auf. I know thee not.—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me. Only that name
remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope
—Mistake me not—to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under-fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tired, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;

Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool :
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
 heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yond' cloud speak divine things, and say,
 'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All-noble Marcius. Let me *entwine*
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarr'd the moon with splinters ! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword ; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I married ; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me
 —We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat . . .
 And wark'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy ; and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear *her*. Oh ! come, go in,
 And take our friendly Senators by the hands ;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,

Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down
—As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own
ways;

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy *them*. But come in.
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, Yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;

Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most
welcome! [*Exeunt Cor. and Auf.*]

1 Serv. [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his
clothes made a false report of him.

1 Serv. What an arm he has! He turn'd me about
with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
top.

2 Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him; he had, sir, a kind of face, me-
thought... I cannot tell how to term it.

1 Serv. He had so: looking as it were... 'Would I
were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him
than I could think.

2 Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the
rarest man i' the world.

1 Serv. I think he is; but a greater soldier than
he, you wot one.

2 Serv. Who? my master?

1 Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Serv. Worth six on him.

1 Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be
the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town, our General is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1, 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1, 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our General,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our General; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't; before Corioles, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars; set at upper end o' the table; no question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him; our General himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with his hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears; he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't! he will do't; for, look you, sir, he

has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir—as it were—durst not—look you, sir—shew themselves—as we term it—his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon; 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is *good* for nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking⁴¹, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than War's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as War, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but Peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sicinius.

WE hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before

Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. Oh! he is grown most kind
Of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus,
Is not much miss'd, but with his friends; the Common-
wealth

Doth stand; and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much bet-
ter, if

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good den, our neighbours.

Bru. Good den to you all, good den to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours; we wish'd Cori-
olanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion!

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving. . .

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, without assist-
ance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Consul, have found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd; it cannot be,
The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me;
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the Senate-house; some news is come in
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave
—Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes!—his raising.
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths
—How probable, I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely;
He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. Oh, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and
To melt the City leads upon your pates;

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news.

—You have made fair work, I fear me—Pray, your
news.—

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians . . .

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than Nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair
work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resists
Are mocked for *their* valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds; for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome!* they charg'd him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true;

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beseech you, cease! You have made fair
hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair.

Com. You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! was it we? We lov'd him; but, like
beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the City.

Com. But, I fear,

They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,

The second name of men, obeys his points

As if he were his officer; desperation

Is all the policy, strength, and defence,

That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—

And is Aufidius with him?—You are they

That made the air unwholesome, when you cast-up

Your stinking greasy caps, in hooting at

Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;

And not a hair upon a soldier's head,

Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,

As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,

And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;

If he could burn us all into one coal,

We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,

When I said, *Banish him*, I said, 'Twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made Good work, you and your cry!—Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd; These are a side, that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, And shew no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol. 'Would, half my wealth Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Aufidius.

DO they still fly to the Roman?

Lieut. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot

Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
 Even to my person, than I thought he would,
 When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
 In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
 What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
 —I mean for your particular—you had not
 Join'd in commission with him; but either
 Had borne the action of yourself, or else
 To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and, be thou sure,
 When he shall come to his account, he knows not
 What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
 And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
 And shews good husbandry for the Volscian State;
 Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
 As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
 That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
 Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
 Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
 And the Nobility of Rome are his;
 The Senators and Patricians love him too;
 The Tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
 As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was
 A noble servant to them; but he could not
 Carry his honours even. Whether 'twas pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man; whether defect of judgement,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature in him,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
 peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war : but, one of these
 —As he hath spices of them all, not all ;
 For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd ;
 So hated, and so banish'd : but he has a merit,
 To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
 Lie in the interpretation of the time ;
 And Power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tongue so evident as a charmer's⁴²
 To extol what it hath done.—
 One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
 Rights by rights founder,⁴³ strengths by strengths do
 fall.
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*



ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. *A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,
 and Others.*

Menenius.

NO, I'll not go : you hear what he hath said,
 Which was sometime his General ; who
 lov'd him
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me,
 father ;
 But what o' that ? Go, you that banish'd him,
 A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
 T'o hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why so; you have made good work.
A pair of tribunes that have wreck'd for Rome
—To make coals cheap—a noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected. He replied,
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well.

Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends; his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient. If you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do *there*?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do

For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then? *how then should I return?*
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness. Say't be so . . .

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it;
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd :
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts. Therefore I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him.
Speed how it will, I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold; his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,

* * * * *

Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions.
So, that all hope is vain, unless his noble mother
And his wife, who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country . . . Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An advanced Post of the Volscian Camp
before Rome. The Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 *Guard.*

STAY! Whence are you?

2 *G.*

Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well. But, by
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.*

From whence?

Men.

From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return; our
General

Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire,
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men.

Good my friends,

If you have heard your General talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men.

I tell thee, fellow,

Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever magnified⁴⁴ my friends
—Of whom he's chief—with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass here ; no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius,

Always factionary on the party of your General.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, You cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell ? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you ?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be ? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this ? No, you are deceived ; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution : you are condemn'd, our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew that I were here, He would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy General.

1 G. My General cares not for you. Back, I say, go ; lest I let forth your half pint of blood,—Back ; that's the utmost of your having.—Back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow . . .

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter ?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for

you : you shall know now that I am in estimation ; you shall perceive that a Jack-guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus. Guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering ; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—[*To Cor.*]—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does ! Oh, my son ! my son ! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee ; but, being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs ; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here ; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away !

Men. How ! away ?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others ; though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar
Ingrate Forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than Pity note how much ; therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a Paper.*]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome ; yet thou behold'st . . .

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt Cor. and Auf.*]

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius ?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power. You
know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping
your greatness back ?

2 G. What cause do you think, I have to swoon ?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your General ; for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another ; let your General do his worst. For you, be that you are, long ; and your misery increase with your age ! I say to you, as I was said to, Away ! [Exit.

1 G. A noble fellow, I warrant him. ' .

2 G. The worthy fellow is our General. He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Coriolanus.

WE will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host. My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends You have respected ; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome ; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Loved me above the measure of a father ; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him : for whose old love, I have —Though I shew'd sourly to him—once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept ; to grace him only, That thought he could do more, a very little I have yielded to. Fresh embassies and suits, Nor from the State nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to.—Ha ! what shout is this ?

[Shout within.

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,
leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

—My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great Nature cries, *Deny not!*—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin. [*Aside.*

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. —Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. [*Aside.*—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans!* Oh, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of Heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,⁴⁵
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth;

[*Kneels.*

*Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.*

Vol. Oh, stand up blessed !
 Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee ; and unproperly
 Shew duty, as mistaken all this while
 Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*]

Cor. What is this ?
 Your knees to me ! to your corrected son !
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
 Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make
 What cannot be slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;
 I holp⁴⁶ to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
 The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
 That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Dian's temple ! Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
 Which, by the interpretation of full Time,
 May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The God of Soldiers,
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
 Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st prove
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
 Like a great sear-mark, standing every flaw,
 And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
 Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace ;
 Or, if you'd ask, remember this before,
 The things I have forsworn to grant may never
 Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
 Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
 Again with Rome's mechanics ; tell me not
 Wherein I seem unnatural ; desire not
 To allay my rages and revenges, with

Your colder reasons.

Vol.

Oh, no more, no more !

You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;

For we have nothing else to ask, but that

Which you deny already: yet we will ask ;

That, if you fail in our request, the blame

May hang upon your hardness. Therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-
ment,

And state of bodies would bewray what life

We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,

How more unfortunate than all living women

Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see

The son, the husband, and the father, tearing

His country's bowels out. And to poor we,

Thine enmity's most capital ; thou barr'st us

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort

That all but we enjoy : for how can we,

Alas ! how can we for our country pray,

Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,

Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose

The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,

Our comfort in the country. We must find

An evident calamity, though we had

Our wish, which side should win ; for either thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led

With manacles through our streets, or else

Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,

And bear the palm, for having bravely shed

Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,

I purpose not to wait on Fortune, till

These wars determine ; if I cannot persuade thee

Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,

Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 —Trust to't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me ;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volsces, whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour. No ; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volsces
 May say, *This mercy we have shew'd* ; the Romans,
This we receiv'd ; and each in either side
 Give the All-hail to thee, and cry, *Be blessed*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out ;
Destroy'd his country ; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd. Speak to me, son,
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the gods ;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak ?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs ?—*Daughter, speak you ;*
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy ;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more

Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
 When she, poor hen! fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back: but, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away.
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees:
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end:
 This is the last. So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us!
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
 His wife is in Corioles, and his child
 Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch;
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor.

O mother, mother!

[He holds her by the Hands, silent.]

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. Oh, my mother! mother! oh!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome;
 But, for your son, believe it, oh, believe it!
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were; And, sir, it is no little thing to make Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir, What peace you'll make advise me. For my part, I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you, Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. —I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee; out of that I'll work Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; But we will drink together; and you shall bear A better witness back than words, which we, On like conditions, will have counterseal'd. Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve To have a temple built you; all the swords In Italy and her confederate arms, Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome. *A Public place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Menenius.

SEE you yond' coign o' the Capitol? yond' corner stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother, now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye, talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him. There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor City find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and, he returning to break our necks, they respected not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; For the Plebeians have got your fellow Tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news! the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire.
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men.

This is good news.

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A city full; of Tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and Music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess.

Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic.

They are near the City?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic.

We will meet them,

And help the joy.

[*Going.*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians,
and People. They pass over the Stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!

Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them;
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeat him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!

All.

Welcome, ladies!

Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Corioles. *A public Place.**Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.**Aufidius.*

GO tell the Lords of the city, I am here.
 Deliver them this paper: having read it,
 Bid them repair to the Market-place; where I,
 Even in theirs and in the Commons' ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends t'appear before the people, hoping
 To purchase himself with words.—Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]*Enter Three or Four Conspirators of Aufidius' Faction.*

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so,
 As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
 And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
 If you do hold the same intent wherein
 You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
 Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
 We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
 'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
 Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
 And my pretext to strike at him admits
 A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
 Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,
 He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
 Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
 He bow'd his nature, never known before

But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping . . .

Auf. That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth ;
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;
Made him joint servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
In mine own person ; help to reap the fame,
Which he did inn⁴⁷ all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord :
The army marvell'd at it ; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory . . .

Auf. There was it,
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action ; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great
Shouts of the People.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,

After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more ;
Here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy Lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear't.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines : but there to end
Where he was to begin ; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge ; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches ; you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours ; a
Crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, Lords ! I am returned your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans ; and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the Consuls and Patricians,
Together with the seal o' the Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble Lords ;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree

He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! How now! . . .

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name Coriolanus, in Corioles?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
—I say, your city—to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war: but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, Lords; 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgements, my grave
Lords,

Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion
—Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
must bear

My beating to his grave—shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volsces⁴⁸ in Corioles.
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble Lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Cons. Let him die for't.

All Cit. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

He kill'd my son;—my daughter;—he kill'd my
cousin Marcus;—

He kill'd my father.

2 Lord. Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace!

The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. Oh, that I had him,

With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Cons. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill
CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands
on him.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus!

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat Valour will
weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My Lords, when you shall know—as in this
rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,

And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald

Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully ;
Trail your steel-pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.*
A dead March sounded.]

ORIGINAL TEXT.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1. Scale. | 26. One, <i>K.</i> |
| 2. Shooting. | 27. Form in peace, <i>K.</i> |
| 3. Lucius. | 28. Things. |
| 4. Martins. | 29. Heart. |
| 5. Seem'd, <i>K.</i> | 30. Roated. |
| 6. Contenning. | 31. Or say, <i>K.</i> |
| 7. Or, <i>K.</i> | 32. Lull. |
| 8. Nor, <i>K.</i> | 33. Worth, <i>K.</i> |
| 9. Stand'st. | 34. Actions. |
| 10. Calves. | 35. From. |
| 11. Ancients. | 36. But. |
| 12. Four, <i>K.</i> | 37. <i>Den</i> (?), <i>K.</i> |
| 13. Him, <i>K.</i> | 38. First, <i>K.</i> |
| 14. Shoot. | 39. <i>Cor</i> , <i>K.</i> |
| 15. Marcus Caius. | 40. Have. |
| 16. <i>Household-hearth</i> (?), <i>K.</i> | 41. Walking. |
| 17. Painted, <i>K.</i> | 42. Tomb . . . chair, <i>K.</i> |
| 18. But. | 43. Fouller. |
| 19. Wolvish. | 44. Verified, <i>K.</i> |
| 20. Would. | 45. Pray. |
| 21. Of. | 46. Hope. |
| 22. <i>Com.</i> | 47. End. |
| 23. Our. | 48. Flatter'd your Vol- |
| 24. Native. | scians. |
| 25. <i>Cor</i> , <i>K.</i> | |



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- CYMBELINE, King of Britain.
CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, { Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the
ARVIRAGUS, { names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.
PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, }
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.
A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.
PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a Physician.
Two Gentlemen.
Two Gaolers.
Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.
HELEN, Woman to Imogen.
Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.
SCENE, sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.



CYMBELINE, KING OF BRITAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gentleman.



YOU do not meet a man but frowns; our
bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our cour-
tiers' faces

Still seem as does the King's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter and the heir of his kingdom,
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son—a widow

That late he married—hath referr'd herself

Unto a poor but worthy gentleman.

She's wedded; her husband banish'd; she imprison'd:
all

Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the King

Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the King?

1 Gent. He that hath lost her too; so is the Queen,

That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier
—Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks—hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her
—I mean that married her, a lack, good man!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their
father

—Then old and fond of issue—took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber;
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: liv'd in court

—Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd,
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
 A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd . . . her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
 He had two sons—if this be worth your hearing
 Mark it—the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen; and, to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!

So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear, here comes the gentleman,
 The Queen, and Princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen.

NO, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
 After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Evil-ey'd unto you. You are my prisoner; but

Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys ;
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win the offended King,
 I will be known your advocate. Marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.—
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the King
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. Oh,
 Dissembling courtesy ! how fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing
 —Always reserv'd my holy duty—what
 His rage can do on me . . . You must be gone ;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
 O lady, weep no more ! lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man. I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in Rome's at one Philario's ;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you ;
 If the King come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure.—Yet I'll move him
 To walk this way : I never do him wrong,

But he does buy my injuries to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [Aside. Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little ;
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love !
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how ! another !—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And cere¹ up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here
[Putting on the Ring.

While sense can keep it on ! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake, wear this.
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

Imo. [Putting a bracelet on her Arm.
Oh, the gods !
When shall we see again ?

Post. Alack, the King !

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my
sight !

If, after this command, thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest ; away !
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you !
And bless the good remainders of the Court !
I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,

That should'st repair my youth! thou heapest *many*
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation: I
Am senseless to your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace! obedience!

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
Queen!

Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir; Heaven restore me!—'Would
I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together; you have done

[*To the Queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience.—Peace!
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.]

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fye!—you must give way.
Here is your servant.—How now, sir! what news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger; they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. [To *Pis.*] About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me; you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[Exit.]



SCENE III. *A public Place.**Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.**1 Lord.*

SIR, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it . . . Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[Aside.

1 Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town. *[Aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. *[Aside.*

1 Lord. Stand you! you have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies! *[Aside.*

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. *[Aside.*

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. *[Aside.*

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. *[Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imogen.

I WOULD thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail; if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. O senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with the² eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words,—comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's
House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman,
a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iachimo.

BELIEVE it, sir; I have seen him in Britain. He
was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so
worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of;
but I could then have looked on him without the help
of admiration, though the catalogue of his endow-

ments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France; we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's daughter—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment . . .

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, is³ wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more⁴ quality . . . But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so

mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses. This gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could but⁵ believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if⁶ there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace of unprizeable estimations,—the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning of both first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse. Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Your's; who⁷ in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the Court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid,⁸ and therein the wiser; if you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return.—Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she

your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours, —provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unsexed—you not making it appear otherwise—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by a lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt *POST.* and *IACH.*
French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen.

WHILES yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

1 Lady.

I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—

[Exeunt Ladies.]

Now, Master Doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay. Here they are, madam;

[Presenting a small Box.]

But I beseech your Grace, without offence,

—My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death ;
But, though slow, deadly ?

Queen. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long ? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so,
That our great King himself doth woo me oft
For my confections. Having thus far proceeded
—Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions ? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging—but none human—
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act ; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart ;
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. Oh ! content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

—Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him
Will I first work ; he's for his master, and
Enemy to my son. [*Aside.*] How now, Pisanio ?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;
Take your own way.

Cor. —I do suspect you, madam ;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*]

Queen. Hark thee, a word.

[*To PISANIO.*]

Cor. —I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons ; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile ;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs ;
Then afterward up higher : but there is

No danger in what shew of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

[*Aside.*

Queen. No further service, Doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still say'st thou? Dost thou
 think, in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master—greater; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is; to shift his being
 Is to exchange one misery with another;
 And every day, that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
 To be depend on a thing that leans?

Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
 [*The Queen drops a Box: PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him.—Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour.
 It is a thing I made, which hath the King
 Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
 What is more cordial.—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
 It is an earnest of a farther good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
 Think what a change thou chancest⁹ on; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women;

Think on my words. [Exit PISA.]—A sly and constant knave,
 Not to be shak'd ; the agent for his master ;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The handfast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers for her sweet ; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.—

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so ;—well done, well done.
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio ;
 Think on my words. [Exit Queen and Ladies.
Pis. And so shall do ;
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself. There's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imogen.

A FATHER cruel, and a step-dame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd !—Oh, that husband !
 My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
 Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
 Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be ? Fye !

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam ;
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,

And greets your Highness dearly. [*Presents a Letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good sir.

You're kindly welcome.

Iach.—All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

She is alone the Arabian bird; and I

Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!

Arm me, Audacity, from head to foot!

Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;

Rather, directly fly. [*Aside.*]

Imo. [*Reads.*].—*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*¹⁰

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud;

But even the very middle of my heart

Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I

Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,

In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.

—What! are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop

Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt

The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones

Upon th'unnumber'd beach? and can we not

Partition make, with spectacles so precious,

'Twixt fair and foul? [*Half-Aside.*]

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. —It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and

Contemn with mows the other: nor i' th' judgment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would

Be wisely definite: nor i' th' appetite;

Sluttery to such neat excellence oppos'd

Should make Desire vomit emptiness, not so

Allur'd to feed. [*Half-Aside.*]

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach.

—The cloyed will

—That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running—ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage. [*Half-Aside.*

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—
Beseech you, sir, enquire¹¹ my man's abode

[*To PISANIO.*

Where I did leave him; he is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was a going, sir, to give him welcome.

[*Exit.*

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech
you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome. He is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
—Your lord, I mean—laughs from his free lungs,
cries, *Oh!*

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, Heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he; but yet Heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account beyond all his talents . . .
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your . . . but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me. 'Pray you
—Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely known¹²,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I—damn'd then—
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—with falsehood, as

With labour—then bide¹³ peeping in an eye,
 Base and illustrious¹⁴ as the smoky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow . . . it were fit,
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
 Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
 That, from my mutest conscience to my tongue,
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
 heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
 —So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
 Would make the great'st king double—to be partner'd
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition,
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
 That play¹⁵ with all infirmities for gold
 Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
 As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
 Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
 How should I be reveng'd? If this be true
 —As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
 Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
 More noble than that runagate to your bed;
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the Devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his Court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you, his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er. And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him.
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo.

You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the Court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too; for it concerns
Your lord. Myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord
—The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the Emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France. 'Tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their value's great,
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men. I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;

But not away to-morrow.

Iach. Oh! I must, madam:

Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night;
I have outstood my time; which is material
To th' tender of our present.

Imo.

I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court before Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

Cloten.

WAS there ever man had such luck! when I
kissed the jack upon an upcast to be hit
away! I had a hundred pound on't. And
then a whoreson jackanapes must take me
up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him,
and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his
pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it,
it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is
not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction!
'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth.
—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am;
they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen
my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of
fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that
nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are cock and capon too; and you
crow, cock, with your cumb on. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to Court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian; what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess! *alas,*
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The Heavens hold firm

The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou may'st stand,
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber ; in one Part of
it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed ; a Lady attending.*

Imogen.

WHO'S there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady.

Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady.

Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then. Mine eyes are
weak ;

Fold down the leaf where I have left ; to bed.—

Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods !

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye !

[*Sleeps.*—*ИАСНИМО, from the Trunk.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus

Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The Chastity he wounded.—*Cytherea !*

How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily !

And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !

But kiss ; one kiss !—*Rubies unparagon'd,*

How dearly they do't ! 'tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the taper

Bows toward her ; and would underpeep her lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied

Under these windows ; white and azure, lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design !

To note the chamber, I will write all down.—
 Such, and such, pictures: there the window; such
 The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such; and the contents o' the story . . .
 Ah! but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
 Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory.
 O Sleep, thou ape of Death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off.—

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make; this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough;
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
 May blear¹⁶ the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three,—time, time!

[*Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.*]



SCENE III. *An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 Lord.

YOUR lordship is the most patient man in loss,
the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have good enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phæbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin :¹⁷
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice¹⁸ in her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves-guts,¹⁹ nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.
 [Exeunt Musicians.]

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.—Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him. Some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the King; Who let's go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly soliciting;²⁰ and, be friended With aptness of the season; make denials Increase your services; so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clo.

Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
 But that's no fault of his. We must receive him

According to the honour of his sender ;
 And towards himself, for his goodness forespent on us,
 We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
 When you have given good morning to your mistress,
 Attend the Queen and us ; we shall have need
 T'employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
 Queen.

[*Exeunt* Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,
 Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho !—

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her. What
 If I do line one of their hands ! 'tis gold
 Which buys admittance—oft it doth—yea, and makes
 Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer ; and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;
 Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man. What
 Can it not do, and undo ? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me ; for
 I yet not understand the case myself.
 By your leave.

[*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks ?

Clo.

A gentleman.

Lady.

No more ?

Clo. Yes, a gentlewoman's son.

Lady.

That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure ?

Clo. Your lady's person . . . Is she ready ?

Lady.

Ay,—

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you ; sell me your good report.

Lady. How ! my good name ? or to report of you
 What I shall think is good ?—The princess . . .

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest. Sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me;
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me; 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin.
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity
To accuse myself I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch
—One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the Court—it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties
—Yet who, than he, more mean?—to knit their souls
—On whom there is no more dependency

But brats and beggary—in self-figur'd knot;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown; and must not foil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler,—not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
 But what thou art besides; thou wert too base
 To be his groom; thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
 The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
 To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
 In my respect, than all the hairs about thee,
 Were they all made such men.—How now! Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment! Now, the Devil...

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently...

Clo. His garment!

Imo. —I am sprited with a fool,
 Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman
 Search for a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm. It was thy master's; 'shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
 I saw't this morning; confident I am,
 Last night 'twas on mine arm; for I kiss'd it.
 I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*]

Clo. You have abus'd me.—
 His meanest garment!

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make't an action, call witness to't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too;
She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [Exit.
Clo. I'll be reveng'd.—
His meanest garment!—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Posthumus.

FEAR it not, sir; I would, I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great Augustus—Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly—and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe
—Statist though I am none, nor like to be—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar

Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
 Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline
 —Now mingled²¹ with their courage—will make
 known

To their approvers, they are people, such
 That mend upon the world.

Phi.

See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
 And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
 To make your vessel nimble.

Phi.

Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
 The speediness of your return.

Iach.

Your lady

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
 Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
 And be false with them.

Iach.

Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach.

'Tis very like.

*Phi.*²² Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
 When you were there?

Iach.

He was expected then,

But not approach'd.

Post.

All is well yet.—

Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
 Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach.

If I have lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness, which

Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach.

Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy.

Post.

Make not, sir,

Your loss your sport. I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
—Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on it was . . .

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing. Never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted. Her andirons
—I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
Be pale! I beg but leave to air this jewel. See!—
[Pulling out the Bracelet.

And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir—I thank her—that.
She stript it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. Oh! no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[Gives the Ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
 Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honour,
 Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
 Where there's another man. The vows of women
 Of no more bondage be to where they are made,
 Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.—
 Oh, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
 And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won.
 It may be probable, she lost it; or,
 Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
 Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
 And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring.—
 Render to me some corporal sign about her,
 More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
 'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure,
 She would not lose it; her attendants are
 All sworn and honourable.—They induc'd to steal it!
 And by a stranger! No, he hath enjoy'd her.
 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this; she hath bought the name of Whore thus
 dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient;
 This is not strong enough to be believ'd
 Of one persuaded well of . . .

Post. Never talk on't;
 She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
 For further satisfying,—under her breast
 —Worthy the²³ pressing—lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
 I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
 To feed again, though full. You do remember
 This stain upon her!

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn . . .

Post. No swearing!
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. Oh, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i' the Court; before
Her father.—I'll do something . . . [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides

The government of patience!—You have won.
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Posthumus.

IS there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are, all *of us*, bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit. Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow.—Oh, all the devils!—
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour—was't not?—
 Or less,—at first . . . Perchance he spoke not; but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
 Cry'd, Oh! and mounted; found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part. Be it lying, note it
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that *men do* name; nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
 For ev'n to vice * * * * *²⁴
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.



ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. *A Room of State in
Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one Door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cymbeline.

NOW say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar—whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing—ever—was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle
—Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it—for him
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks²⁵ unscalable and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* ; with shame
 —The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping
 —Poor ignorant baubles !—on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof,
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
 —O giglot Fortune !—to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there is no more tribute to be paid :
 Our kingdom's stronger than it was at that time ;
 And, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars.
 Other of them may have crooked noses ; but,
 To owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard
 As Cassibelan. I do not say, I am one ;
 But I have a hand.—Why tribute ? why should we
 pay tribute ?

If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket,
 Or put the moon in his pocket, we'll pay him tribute
 For light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's ambition
 —Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' the world—against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws ; whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled ; whose repair and franchise
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made
 our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put

His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
—Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then.—War and confusion,
In Cæsar's name, pronounce I 'gainst thee; look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which, he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would shew the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His Majesty bids you welcome; make pastime
with us

A day, or two, or longer. If you seek us
Afterwards in other terms, you shall find us
In our salt-water girdle: if you beat us
Out of it, it is yours; if you fall in
The adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you;
And there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, Welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter PISANIO, Reading a Letter.

Pisano.

HOW! of adultery! Wherefore write you not
What monsters her accuse?—O Leonatus!

O master ! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear ! What fese Italian
 —As poisonous tongu'd as banded—hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ! No :
 She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue.—O my master !
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How ! that I should murder her,
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command !—I, her—her blood !
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to ? *Do't ; the letter
 That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity.*—O damn'd paper !
 Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without ? Lo ! here she comes.
 I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio !

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord, Leonatus.

Oh ! learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters ;
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content—yet not
 That we two are asunder ; let that grieve him.
 Some griefs are med'cinable ; that is one of them,
 For it doth physic love ;—of his content,
 All but in that !—Good wax, thy leave.—Bless'd be
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers
 And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike ;
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*

Justice, and your father's wrath—should he take me in his dominion,—could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford Haven. What your own love will, out of this, advise you follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love.

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

Oh, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford Haven. Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day!—Then, true Pisanio, Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st —Oh, let me 'bate!—but not like me; yet long st, But in a fainter kind; Oh! not like me; For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick, —Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense—how far it is To this same blessed Milford. And, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as T' inherit such a haven. But, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, And our return, to excuse . . . but first, how get hence;

Why should excuse be born or ere begot?— We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twi'xt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man, Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands That run i' the clock's behalf . . . but this is foolery.—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
 She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
 A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider . . .

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues; but ²⁶ have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
 Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Wales. *A mountainous Country, with
 a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Belarius.

A GOODLY day not to keep house, with such
 Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop,²⁷ boys.
 This gate
 Instructs you how t'adore the heavens; and bows
 you
 To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through,
 And keep their impious turbans on, without
 Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport! Up to yond'
 hill;

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-
 sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens, and sets off:
 And you may then revolve what tales I have told
 you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war ;
 This²⁸ service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see ;
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh ! this life
 Is nobler, than attending for a check ;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble ;²⁹
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes 'em³⁰ fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg'd,
 Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor know
 not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
 If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
 That have a sharper known, well corresponding
 With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;
 A prison for³¹ a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
 We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
 Our valour is, to chase what flies ; our cage
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
 Did you but know the City's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly ; the art o' the Court,
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
 The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil o' the war,—

A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' th'
search;

And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act: nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure.—O boys, this story
The world may read in me. My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note; Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme my name
Was not far off. Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to *the* weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language.—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the val-
leys.—

[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the King;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and Nature prompts them,

In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The King his father call'd Guiderius . . . Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story; say, *Thus mine enemy fell,*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 —Once Arviragus—in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
 O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience knows,
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphilè,
 Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to thy³² grave;
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game is up.
[Exit.

SCENE IV. *Near Milford Haven.**Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.**Imogen.*

THOU told'st me, when we came from horse, the
 place
 Was near at hand.—Ne'er long'd my mother so
 To see me first, as I have now . . . Pisanio! Man!
 Where is Posthumus? What's in thy mind,
 That makes thee stare thus? wherefore breaks that
 sigh
 From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd

Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
 Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
 Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? If't be summer-news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that count'nance still.—My husband's hand!
 That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life. I shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven—she hath my letter for the purpose—where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.* [She swoons.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
 paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis Slander;
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous Slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What! is it to be false
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed,
 Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency:
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd.—To pieces with me!—Oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good-seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows;
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men, being heard like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so, thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest;
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart.
Something's afore't³³—soft, soft!—we'll no defence,
Obedient as the scabbard. [*Opens her bosom.*]—What
is here?

The Scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy! Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers. Though those that are be-
 tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus
 —That didst set up my disobedience 'gainst the King
 My father, and make me put into contempt
 The suits of princely fellows—shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
 That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch;
 The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll make³⁴ mine eyeballs first . . .

Imo. Wherefore then
 Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee, the perturb'd Court,
 For my being absent,—whereunto I never
 Purpose return.—Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment; in the which
 I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
 I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,

Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like ;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither ;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd ; some villain,
Ay, and singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it ; for 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while ? where bide ? how live ?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the Court . . .

Imo. No Court, no father ; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing—
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then ?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain ? I' th' world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't ;
In a great pool a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford Haven
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That, which, t' appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view : yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh, for such means !
Though peril to my modesty not death on't,
I would adventure . . .

Pis. Well then, here's the point.
You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear and niceness
—The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel ; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, oh, the harder heart !
Alack no remedy !—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief ;
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
—'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you're happy ; which will make him know,
If that his head have ear in music . . . doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail

Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the Queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo.

Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and
Lords.*

Cymbeline.

THUS far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My Emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, and LORDS.]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward.—But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day; she looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? how
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud³⁵ noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great Court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd!
Not seen of late! Grant, Heavens, that which I
Fear prove false! [*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the King.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after *him*.—
[*Exit CLOTEN.*]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus! . . .
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the King; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may

This night forestall him of the coming day! [Exit.]

Clo. I love, and hate her; for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman. From every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, *she* slanders so her judgement,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her: for, when fools shall . . .

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain, I
Will have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas! my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word; no more of worthy lord.
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [Presenting a Letter.]

Clo. Let's see't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. —Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Humph!

Pis. —I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if
thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service,
undergo those employments, wherein I should have
cause to use thee, with a serious industry—that is,
what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly
and truly—I would think thee an honest man; thou
shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor
my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of
gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt
thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit
he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither. Let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford Haven:—I forgot to ask
him one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even there,
thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would
these garments were come. She said upon a time—
the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that
she held the very garment of Posthumus in more re-
spect than my noble and natural person, together with
the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon

my back, will I ravish her. First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined—which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised—to the Court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Cl. How long is't since she went to Milford Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Cl. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; would, I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss; for true to thee Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imogen.

I SEE, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio shew'd thee,

Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think,
 Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
 I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
 Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
 Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before I was
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
 Here is a path to't. 'Tis some savage hold;
 I were best not call. I dare not call; yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If anything that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good Heavens! [*She goes into the Cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,
 and

Are master of the feast; Cadwal and I
 Will play the cook and servant: 'tis our match.
 The sweat of industry would dry and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely savoury; weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restie Sloth
 Finds the down-pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse
 on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay ; come not in . . .
[*Looking in.*

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir ?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,
An earthly paragon !—Behold Divineness
No elder than a boy !

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not.
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took : good
troth,
I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd i' the floor : here's money for my meat.
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal ; and parted with
Prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth !

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you're angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To Milford Haven.

Bel. What's your name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy ; he embark'd at Milford :
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls ; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd !
'Tis almost night : you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart ; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—

Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother.—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would, it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. [*Aside.*]

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, laying by
'That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Senator.

THIS is the tenour of the Emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul; and to you, the Tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius General of the forces?—

2 Sen.

Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen.

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant. The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri.


We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest, near the Cave.**Enter CLOTEN.**Cloten.*


 AM near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress—who was made by him that made the tailor—not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself; for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber . . . I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imper-severant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face . . . and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe. Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.



SCENE II. *Before the Cave.*

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Belarius.

YOU are not well: [*To IMOGEN.*] remain here in the
cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv.

Brother, stay here.

[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

Imo.

So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well:

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick. So please you leave me;

Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom

Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me

Cannot amend me: society is no comfort

To one not sociable. I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,

Stealing so poorly.

Gui.

I love thee; I have spoke it:

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

Bel.

What! how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

In my good brother's fault: I know not why

I love this youth; and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason. The bier at door,

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,

My father, not this youth.

Bel.

—O noble strain!

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
 Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.
 I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.— [Aside.
 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. —These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies
 I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court.

Experience, oh, thou disprov'st report !

The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.—

I am sick still ; heart-sick. Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [Aside.

Gui. I could not stir him.

He said he was gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me ; yet said, hereafter
 I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field.—

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick ;

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.— [Exit IMO.]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
 Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! He cut our roots in
 characters ;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him³⁶ both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, Patience!³⁷
And let the stinking elder, Grief, untwine
His perishing root, from with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away!—Who's
there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the Queen: I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws. Hence!

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt BEL. and ARV.*]

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave, without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what art thou;
Why I should yield to thee.

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name;
I cannot tremble at it. Were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the Queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAOUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him;
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear . . . but see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains; for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where—thank the gods!—they
grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father? what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge and executioner all himself?
For we do fear the law. What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour³⁰
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing
—As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable

To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering. Then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it; howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him. I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son, Cloten.
That's all I reckon. [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would, I had done't;
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, Revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done.—
We'll hunt no more to-day; nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him. To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how³⁹ thyself thou blazon'st

In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudest wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain-pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not seen from other, valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd !—Yet still it's strange
 What Cloten's being here to us portends ;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother ?
 I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother ; his body's hostage
 For his return. [*Solemn Music.*]

Bel. My ingenious instrument,
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds ! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? since death of my
 dearest mother
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
 Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys,
 Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad ?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in
 his Arms.*

Bel. Look ! here he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms
 Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead,
 That we have made so much on. I had rather

Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time⁴⁰ into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!

My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare⁴¹
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as Death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;

His arms thus leagu'd. I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps.

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted.—
And worms will not come to thee . . .

Arv. With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, who,⁴² not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would,
With charitable bill—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;

And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphilè, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our⁴³ mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphilè must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing. I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet Reverence
—That angel of the world—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither;
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BEL.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
Arv. *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone ;*

Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rush ;*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :*

Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee !*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee !*

Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee !*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee !*

Both. *Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned by thy grave !*

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Gui. *We have done our obsequies. Come lay him
down.*

Bel. *Here's a few flowers, but about midnight more ;
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now wither'd ; even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away ; apart upon our knees*

* * * * *

The ground, that gave them first, has them again;
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exit BEL. GUI. and ARV.*]

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford Haven;
which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yond' bush?—Pray, how far
thither?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be six mile yet?

I have gone all night.—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the Body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so I thought, I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Aresometimes, like our judgements, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear. But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face . . .
Murder, in heaven! how!—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, he darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top.—O Posthumus! alas!
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's
that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,

And left the⁴⁴ head on.—How should this be, Pisanio?
 'Tis he and Cloten; malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? that confirms it home.
 This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's.—Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord, my lord!

Enter Lucius, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have crossed the sea; attending
 You here at Milford Haven, with your ships.
 They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service; and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Sienna's brother.

‡ *Luc.* When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present num-
 bers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
 What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision
 —I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence—thus:—
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
 From the spongy South to this part of the West,
 There vanish'd in the sunbeams; which portends
 —Unless my sins abuse my divination—
 Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
 And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,

Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building.—How! a page!
 Or dead, or sleeping on him; but dead, rather:
 For Nature doth abhor to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
 Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
 one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems,
 They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
 That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
 Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
 In this sad wreck? how came it? who is it?
 What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
 Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
 A very valiant Briton, and a good,
 That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
 There is no more such masters. I may wander
 From East to Occident, cry out for service,
 Try many, all good, serve truly, never *more*
 Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
 Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
 Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ.—If I do lie, and do
 No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
 They'll pardon it. [*Aside.*—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
 Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
 Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
 No less belov'd. The Roman Emperor's letters,
 Sent by a Consul to me, should not sooner
 Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
 I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
 As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
 With wild-wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his
 grave,
 And on it said a century of prayers,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
 And rather father thee, than master thee.—My friends,
 The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us
 Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partizans
 A grave. Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes;
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cymbeline.

A GAIN; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
 A fever with the absence of her son;
 A madness, of which her life's in danger. Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone; my Queen,
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
 So needful for this present. It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours;
 I humbly set it at your will. But, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,

Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your High-
ness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here ;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.—For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And he will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome :
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
Does yet depend. [*To PISANIO.*]

1 *Lord.* So please your Majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and Queen !
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of ; come more, for more you're
ready :

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you : let's withdraw ;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away ! [*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I have had⁴⁵ no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain ; 'tis strange.
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The Heavens still must work :
Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be
true.—

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the King, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd ;

Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Guiderius.

THE noise is round about us.

Bel.

Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it!
From action and adventure?

Gui.

Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel.

Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the King's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui.

This is, sir, a doubt,

In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv.

It is not likely,

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel.

Oh! I am known

Of many in the army. Many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;

Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
 The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
 To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
 But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
 The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
 Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army:
 I and my brother are not known; yourself,
 So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
 Cannot be question'd.

Arr. By this sun that shines,
 I'll thither. What thing is't, that I never
 Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
 But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
 Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
 A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
 Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
 To look upon the holy sun, to have
 The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By Heavens, I'll go.
 If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The hands of Romans!


Arr. So say I; Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
 So slight a valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
 If in your country wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
 Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks
 scorn,
 Till it fly out, and shew them princes born.

[*Aside.* *Exeunt.*]



ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Field between the British and Roman Camps.**Enter Posthumus, with a bloody Handkerchief.**Posthumus.*

EA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I have⁴⁶
wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You
married ones,

If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little?—Oh, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack!
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ill with ill, each elder worse;

* * * * *

And make them dreaded to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own; do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee: therefore, good Heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die

For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; at the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iachimo.

THE heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood. I have belied a lady,
 The Princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
 A very drudge of Nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! we have th' advantage of the ground.

The lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but
 The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arv.

Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the Britons. They rescue CYMBELINE and exeunt. Then, enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself!
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As War were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely; or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a British Lord.*

Lord.

CAM'ST thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fiers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought. The King himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier
—An honest one, I warrant—who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country. Athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run

The country base, than to commit such slaughter ;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame—
 Made good the passage ; cry'd to those that fled :
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men ;
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards ! Stand !
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly ; and may save,
But to look back in frown. Stand, stand !—These
 three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many
 —For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing—with this word *Stand, stand !*
 Accommodated by the place, more charming,
 With their own nobleness—which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance—gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd
 coward

But by example—oh, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners !—'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire ; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd⁴⁷ eagles ;
 slaves,

The strides they victors made : and now our cowards
 —Like fragments in hard voyages—became
 The life o' the need ; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound !
 Some, slain before ; some, dying ; some, their friends
 O'erborne i' the former wave : ten, chas'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty ;
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord.

This was strange chance.

A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it ; you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,

Than to work any. Will you rime upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lute,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack! to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rime.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry.

[*Exit.*

Post. Still going!—This is a lord! O noble misery!
 To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
 And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find Death, where I did hear him groan;
 Nor feel him, where he struck. Being an ugly
 monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
 That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
 him;

For, being now a favourer to the Briton,
 No more a Briton I have resum'd again
 The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
 Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gave th' affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;

But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who's there?

Post. A Roman;

Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds

Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd him here. He brags his
service

As if he were of note; bring him to the King.

Enter CYMBELINE attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.

SCENE IV. *A Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and Gaolers.

1 *Gaoler.*

YOU shall not now be stolen; you have locks
upon you:

So graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.*

Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd

By the same physician, Death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods,
give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is it enough I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent;

I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 Desir'd, more than constrain'd : to satisfy ;
 If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me than my all.
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement ; that's not my desire.
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it.
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake ;
 You rather mine, being yours : and so, great Powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior ; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them. Then, after other Music, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou Thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies !
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw ?
 I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
 Attending Nature's law.
 Whose father then—as men report,
 Thou orphans' father art—
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy?
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy!

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd;
Then Jupiter, thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers ;

Be not with mortal accidents opprest :

No care of yours it is ; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—
He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine.

And so, away ; no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us ; his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields ; his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All.

Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,
and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But—O scorn!—
Gone; they went hence so soon as they were
born:

And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On Greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas! I swerve;
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours: so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book! Oh, rare
one!

Be not, as is our *new-fangled* world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers; let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by
a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar
shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock,
and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his
miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace
and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather ; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir ; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills ; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ; purse and brain both empty : the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh ! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.— Oh, the charity of a penny cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true debtor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach. But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer ; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your Death has eyes in his head then ; I have not seen him so pictured. You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know ; or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know : for jump the after-inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes

to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good! Oh, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cymbeline.

STAND by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targe⁴⁸ of proof, cannot be found. He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain;
[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARV.
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen;
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees. [They kneel.
Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the Court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great King!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by a minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew; and in *due* time
—When she had fitted you with her craft—to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end, by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; open'd, in despite
Of Heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected: so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming: it had been
vicious,
To have mistrusted her. Yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come; sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat. My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurselike. Let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your High-
ness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. —I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me. [*Aside.*]—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
Mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, *Live, boy!* Ne'er thank thy master; live,
And ask of Cyrbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack !
There's other work in hand. I see a thing
Bitter to me as death ; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me. Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy ?
I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?
speak,

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highness ; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master. Walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arr. One said
Another not more resembles . . . that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see further ; he eyes us not ;
forbear :

Creatures may be alike. Were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw⁴⁹ him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see further.

Pis. —It is my mistress;
 Since she is living, let the time run on,
 To good or bad. [*Aside.*]

[*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
 Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To IACH.*] step you
 forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely:
 Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
 Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
 Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
 Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?
 [*Aside.*]

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
 How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
 Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me!

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
 Torments me to conceal. By villainy
 I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
 Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may
 grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
 lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
 Quail to remember . . . Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
 strength;

I had rather thou should'st live while Nature will,
 Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time—unhappy was the clock
 That struck the hour!—it was in Rome—accurs'd
 The mansion where!—'twas at a feast, Oh, 'would

Our minds had been paid
 Those which I love to see
 — What should I say? he
 Whose all men were; and
 Amongst the rest of you
 Honouring us praise our love
 For beauty that made her
 Of him that best could see
 The shrine of Venus or of
 Pictura would trial out
 A day of all the qualities
 Loves woman for; besides
 Heron which makes the

Cyn.

Come to the matter.

Inch.

All
 Unless thou would'st cry
 down.

— Most like a noble lord
 That had a royal love — to
 And, not depending when
 He was so rich as Virtue,
 His mistress' picture; who
 made,

And then a mind put in,
 Were crack'd of kitchen-ut
 Pro'd us unpeaking sets.

Cyn.

Inch. Your daughter's e
 He speaks of her as Dian
 And she always was cold;
 Made scruple of his peace
 Piece of gold, pass'd the
 Upon his honour's a

Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear !

Post. Shall's have a play of this ? Thou scornful
page,

There lie thy part. [*Striking her ; she falls.*]

Pis. O gentlemen, help, help

Mine, and your mistress !—Oh, my Lord Posthumus !

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help !—

Mine honour'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How comes these staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. Oh ! get thee from my sight ;

Thou gav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence !

Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen !

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing ; I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !—

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. *If Pisanio*
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Cor. The Queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her ; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease

he present power of life; but, in short time,
 all offices of nature should again
 do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
 here was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
 you?

think, that you are upon a rock; and now
 'brow me again. [Embracing him.]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
 'ill the tree die!

Cym. How now! my flesh, my child!
 'hat! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?

'ilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye
 not;

'ou had a motive for't. [To Gui. and Arb.]

Cym. My tears that fall,
 'rove holy water on thee! Imogen,
 'by mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. Oh! she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
 'hat we meet here so strangely. But her son
 s gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
 'ow fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
 'pon my lady's missing, came to me
 'ith his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
 swore,

f I discover'd not which way she was gone,
 t was my instant death. By accident,
 had a feigned letter of my master's
 'hen in my pocket, which directed him
 'o seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
 'Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,

Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour. What became of him,
 I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story.
 I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
 I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 Pluck a hard sentence. Pr'ythee, valiant youth,
 Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did't.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
 Were nothing princelike; for he did provoke me
 With language that would make me spurn the sea,
 If it could so roar to me. I cut off his head;
 And am right glad, he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorrow for thee;
 By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
 Endure our law. Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
 I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
 And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir King;
 This man⁵⁰ is better than the man he slew,
 As well descended as thyself; and hath
 More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
 Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[*To the Guard.*
 They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
 Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
 By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
 As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three;

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.—
Thou hadst, great King, a subject, who was call'd
Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot.
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy. Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd.
Your pleasure was my mere⁵¹ offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
—For such, and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up; those arts they have as I
Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as
Your Highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphilè
—Whom for the theft I wedded—stole these children

Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't,
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For that which I did then; beating⁴² for loyalty
 Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.—
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st and speak'st.
 The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children;
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 Your younger princely son. He, sir, was lapp'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his Queen mother, which, for more probation,
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star.
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
 Who bath upon him still that natural stamp.
 It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh! what am I
 A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
 Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Bless'd may⁴³ you be,
 That after this strange starting from your orbs,
 You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
 Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
 I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers!

Have we thus met? Oh! never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you⁵⁴ were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This first⁵⁵ abridg-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[*To BEL.*
Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd
Save these in bonds! Let them be joyful too;
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, great sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again; [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd.
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes.—Good my Lord of
Rome,
Call forth your Soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shews
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced

by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being *Leo-natus*, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To Cym.]

Which we call *mollis aer*, and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this thy most constant wife, [To Post.] who, even
now

—Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought—were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now, reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My ^{so} peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen;
Whom Heavens, in justice—both on her and hers—
Have laid most heavy hand on.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun

So vanish'd; which foreshew'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

ORIGINAL TEXT.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1. Seare. | 29. Babe. |
| 2. This, <i>K.</i> | 30. Him, <i>K.</i> |
| 3. Are. | 31. Or. |
| 4. More. | 32. Her. |
| 5. Not. | 33. Afoot. |
| 6. Or if. | 34. Wake, <i>K.</i> |
| 7. Whom, <i>K.</i> | 35. Loud of, <i>K.</i> |
| 8. A friend. | 36. Them. |
| 9. Chance . . . changest. | 37. Patient. |
| 10. Trust. | 38. Honour. |
| 11. Desire, <i>K.</i> | 39. Thou. |
| 12. Knowing. | 40. <i>Pole</i> (?), <i>K.</i> |
| 13. By, <i>K.</i> | 41. Care. |
| 14. Illustrious. | 42. Whom, <i>K.</i> |
| 15. <i>Pay</i> (?), <i>K.</i> | 43. To our. |
| 16. Beare, <i>K.</i> | 44. This. |
| 17. Is. | 45. Heard. |
| 18. Voice. | 46. Am, <i>K.</i> |
| 19. <i>Cat's-guts</i> (?), <i>K.</i> | 47. Stopt. |
| 20. Solicity, <i>K.</i> | 48. Targes. |
| 21. Wing-led. | 49. See. |
| 22. <i>Post.</i> | 50. <i>Youth</i> (?), <i>K.</i> |
| 23. Her. | 51. Near. |
| 24. <i>To which they are so</i>
<i>prone</i> (?), <i>K.</i> | 52. Beaten, <i>K.</i> |
| 25. Oakes. | 53. Pray. |
| 26. <i>They</i> (?), <i>K.</i> | 54. We. |
| 27. Sleep. | 55. Fierce, <i>K.</i> |
| 28. <i>That</i> (?), <i>K.</i> | 56. This. |



TITUS ANDRONICUS.



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS, } *Sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans, Goths, and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a Black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Rome; and the Country near it.*



TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing ; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side ; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other ; with Drum and Colours.

Saturninus.



NOBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your
swords :

I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome ;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my
right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility :

But let desert in pure election shine ;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS *aloft, with the Crown.*

Mar. Princes that strive, by factions and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome ;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city-walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride ; five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field * * * ;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat—by honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and Senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore—
That you withdraw you and abate your strength ;
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,

Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Ereunt and Followers of* **BASSIANUS**.]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Ereunt and Followers of* **SATURNINUS**.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[**SAT.** and **BAS.** go into the Capitol, and *ereunt*
with Senators, **MARCUS**, &c.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter a Captain, and Others.

Captain.

ROMANS, make way; the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. Enter **MUTIUS** and **MAR-**
TIUS; *after them Two Men bearing a Coffin covered*
with black; then **QUINTUS** and **LUCIUS**. *After them,*
TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* **TAMORA**, *with*
ALARBUS, **CHIRON**, **DEMETRIUS**, **AARON**, *and other*
Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following.
The bearers set down the Coffin, and **TITUS** *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning
weeds!

Lo! as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,
 Returns with precious lading to the bay,
 From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
 Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel-boughs,
 To re-salute his country with his tears;
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
 —Thou great defender of this Capitol,
 Stand gracious to the rights that we intend!—
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that king Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
 These that survive let Rome reward with love;
 These that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors:
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.—
 Titus, unkind and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
 Make way to lay them by their bretheren.

[*The Tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthy prison of their bones;
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son;
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 Oh! think my son to be as dear to me.

Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs and return,
 Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause?
 Oh! if to fight for king and commonweal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being merciful;
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
 Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice.
 To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
 T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
 Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
 MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
 Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
 Tremble under Titus' threatening look.
 Alarbus, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
 The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
 For her opportunity of sharp revenge
 Against the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
 Have favour'd Tamora, the Queen of Goths
 When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was Queen—
 To avenge the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
 MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.

See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

But honour thee, and will do till I die.
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends
 I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
 Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's Tribunes here,
 I ask your voices and your suffrages;
 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
 And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
 The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
 That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
 Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
 Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
 And ripen justice in this commonweal.
 Then, if you will elect by my advice,
 Crown him and say,—*Long live our Emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
 Patricians and Plebeians, we create
 Lord Saturninus, Rome's great Emperor,
 And say,—*Long live our Emperor, Saturnine!*

[*A long Flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
 To us in our election this day,
 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
 And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
 Thy name and honourable family,
 Lavinia will I make my Emperess,
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
 I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
 King and commander of our commonweal,
 The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
 Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord.

Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To TAMORA.*

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go;
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing LAVINIA.*

Tit. How, sir! Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb shew.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice;
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the Emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome? [Tit. kills Mut.

Mut. Help! Lucius, help!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Erit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the Emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock.

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
 Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
 If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
 And will create thee Emperess of Rome.
 Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
 And here I swear by all the Roman gods
 —Sith priest and holy water are so near,
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
 In readiness for Hymeneus stand—
 I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
 Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
 I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I
 swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, Pantheon.— Lords,
 accompany

Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
 Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered.
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his Followers; TAMORA,
 and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
 Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
 Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and
 MARTIUS.*

Mar. O, Titus, see, O see, what thou hast done!
 In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no; no son of mine,
 Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed
 That hath dishonour'd all our family;
 Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;

Give Mutius burial with our bretheren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified.
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit And shall! What villain was it spake that
word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded.

My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth Nature plead,—

Quin. Father, and in that name doth Nature speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise!
 The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
 To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!
 Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
 friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
 He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord—to step out of these dreary dumps—
 How comes it, that the subtle Queen of Goths
 Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is:
 Whether by device, or no, the Heavens can tell.
 Is she not then beholding to the man
 That brought her for this high good turn so far?
 Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, at-
 tended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON:
 at the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize.
 God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
 Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
 Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
 My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
 But let the laws of Rome determine all;
 Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir. You are very short with us;
 But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
 Answer I must, and shall do with my life:
 Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
 By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,

Is, in opinion and in honour, wrong'd ;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine ;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds ;
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous Heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What ! madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge !

Tam. Not so, my lord ; the gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you !
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
—My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents ;
You are but newly planted in your throne.
Lest then the people, and Patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

[*Aside to SAT.*

Come, come, sweet Emperor, come, Andronicus!
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia.
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to Heaven, and to his High-
ness,

That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be
friends.

The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.—

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the Emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your Majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace bo
jour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeu*



ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron.

NOW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot, and sits alof
Secure of thunder's crack or lightni
flash,

Advanc'd above pale Envy's threat'ning reach.

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,

Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,

And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;

So Tamora

Upon her wit doth earthly Honour wait,

And Virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts

To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,

And mount her pitch ; whom thou in triumph lon

Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains ;

And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,

Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

| Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts !

I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold,

To wait upon this new-made Emperess.

To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen, '

This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This Siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:

I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;

And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the
peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,

Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, lords!

So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.

I would not, for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;

Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the Court of Rome.

For shame! put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withall,

Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away! I say.

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What! is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the Empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice;

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her! How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch, or so,
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you then

That both should speed?

Chi. I' faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,

So I were one.

Aar. For shame! be friends, and join for that you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve;

That what you cannot, as you would, achieve

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by Kind for rape and villainy.

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words;

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our Empress, with her sacred wit,

To villainy and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The Emperor's court is like the House of Fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears :
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
 turns :

There serve your lusts, shadow'd from Heaven's eye,
 And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit *fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Stygu, per manes vehor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen
 at a distance. Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* MARCUS,
 LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Titus Andronicus.

THE hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride ;
 And rouse the Prince ; and ring a hunter's peal, ;
 That all the Court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the Emperor's person carefully.
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,
 BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and*
 Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majesty !
 Madam, to you as many and as good !
 I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, No ;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory-top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem.—Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Aside.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A desert Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.

Aaron.

HE that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy.

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
[Hides the Gold.]
That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chant melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And, whilst the babbling Echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down, and mark their yelping noise :
 And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
 The Wandering Prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave—
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
 Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
 To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
 Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal-plotted scroll.
 Now question me no more ; we are espied.
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great Empress ; Bassianus comes.

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal Empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her?
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest.

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps!
Had I the power, that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King, my brother, shall have notice of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good King! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why, have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your Highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see, it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.

And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew;

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed.

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth called my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis!—nay, barbarous

Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,

mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
 . Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
 trash the corn, then after burn the straw.
 inion stood upon her chastity,
 her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 ith that painted hope braves your Mightiness;
 all she carry this unto her grave?

An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 ence her husband to some secret hole,
 ake his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
 . But when ye have the honey ye desire,
 t this wasp outlive us both to sting.
 I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.
 mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 ice-preserved honesty of yours.

O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face . . .
 . I will not hear her speak; away with her!
 Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
 . Listen, fair madam. Let it be your glory
 her tears; but be your heart to them,
 elenting flint to drops of rain.

When did the tiger's young ones teach the
 dam?
 o not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
 ilk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
 t thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
 ery mother breeds not sons alike;
 ou entreat her shew a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.

What! would'st thou have me prove myself
 a bastard?

"Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark.
 ve I heard—Oh, could I find it now!—
 on mov'd with pity did endure
 re his princely claws par'd all away.
 say that ravens foster forlorn children,
 ilst their own birds famish in their nests.
 to me—though thy hard heart say, No—
 ig so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her!

Lav. Oh, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had'st thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
Oh! keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body.
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall . . .

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou
her husband: [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her
sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aaron.

COME on, my lords, the better foot before.
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the Pit.*]

Quin. What! art thou fallen? What subtle hole is
this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismal'st object hurt
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. —Now will I fetch the King to find them
here;

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Aside and Exit.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise.
Oh! tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand
—If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou cans't not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me; I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

at. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest :
 and his lady both are at the lodge,
 on the north side of this pleasant chase ;
 not an hour since I left them there.
 Iart. We know not where you left them all alive,
 , out alas ! here have we found him dead.

er TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS,
 and LUCIUS.

'am. Where is my lord, the King?

at. Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing
 grief.

'am. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

at. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound ;
 or Bassianus here lies murdered.

'am. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
 [Giving a Letter.

complot of this timeless tragedy ;
 I wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
 pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

at. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely
 weet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—
 thou so much as dig the grave for him.*

*u know'st our meaning ; look for thy reward
 mg the nettles at the elder-tree,*

*ich overshades the mouth of that same pit,
 ere we decreed to bury Bassianus.*

this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

'amora ! was ever heard the like ?

is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

k, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
 t should have murder'd Bassianus here.

ar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Showing it.

at. Two of thy whelps, [To Tit.] fell curs of
 bloody kind,

re here bereft my brother of his life.—

, drag them from the pit unto the prison ;

re let them bide, until we have devis'd

r.

M M

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What! are they in this pit! O wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them . . .

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord. Yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your Highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King.
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out

Demetrius.

SO now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd th

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy mean
so;

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she
scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy h

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord. [Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Wind Horns. Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

Mar. Who's this?—my niece, that flies away so
fast?

Cousin, a word *with you*. Where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey-breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
—As from a conduit with her issuing spouts—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
Oh, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life;
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made * * *
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back; for we will mourn with thee.
 Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

*Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with
 MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the
 Place of Execution; TITUS going before, pleading.*

Titus.

HEAR me, grave fathers! noble Tribunes,
 stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was
 spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;

And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
 For these, O tribunes, in the dust I write

[Throwing himself on the ground.

My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.

O Earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.

O reverend Tribunes! O gentle aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father! you lament in vain;
 The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
 Grave Tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
 They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
 They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
 And bootless unto them, * * *
 Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they're better than the Tribunes;
 For that they will not intercept my tale.

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
 A stone is soft as wax, Tribunes more hard than stones ;
 A stone is silent and offendeth not,
 And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death ;
 For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man ! they have befriended thee.
 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?
 Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey,
 But me and mine. How happy art thou then,
 From these devourers to be banished !
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep,
 Or if not so thy noble heart to break ;
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me !

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her.
 Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight ;
 What fool hath added water to the sea ;
 Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy.
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use.

Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;
For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee.

Mar. Oh! that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage ;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh! say thou for her who hath done this deed.

Mar. Oh! thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecurring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea ;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes ;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madd'd me; what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears ;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee ;
Thy husband, he is dead; and for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her
husband ;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain ;

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not dry,

With miry slime left on them by a flood ?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews

Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?

What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your
grief,

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece : good Titus, dry thy
eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine ;

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheek ;

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her :

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee ;

His napkin with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this !

As far from help as Limbo is from bliss !

Enter AARON.

Titus Andronicus, my lord the Emperor
 see this word :—That, if thou love thy sons,
 Lucius, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
 one of you, chop off your hand,
 and it to the King : he, for the same,
 will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
 and it shall be the ransom for their fault.
 O gracious Emperor ! O gentle Aaron !
 O as the raven sing so like a lark,
 bring me sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
 In my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand.
 Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?
 Stay, father ! for that noble hand of thine,
 which hath thrown down so many enemies,
 should not be sent ; my hand will serve the turn.
 My hand can better spare my blood than you ;
 therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
 Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
 nor should it aloft the bloody battleaxe,
 to bring destruction on the enemy's castles ?
 One of both but are of high desert :
 the other hath been but idle ; let it serve
 to redeem my two nephews from their death ;
 and I will keep it to a worthy end.
 Nay, come agree whose hand shall go along,
 lest they die before their pardon come.
 My hand shall go.

By Heaven, it shall not go.
 O sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as
 these
 are not fit for plucking up, and therefore mine.
 Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
 will I redeem my brothers both from death.
 And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
 I will shew a brother's love to thee.
 I will agree between you ; I will spare my hand.
 When I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. —If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so;
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*
[*He cuts off* TITUS' Hand.

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is despatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his Majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
—Their heads, I mean. Oh, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace;
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Aside and Exit.*

Tit. Oh! here I lift this one hand up to Heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.—What! wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To* LAVINIA.

Do then, dear heart; for Heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do flow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou send'st at the Emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell flattery. Die, Andronicus;
 Thou dost not slumber. See, thy two sons' heads;
 Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
 Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah! now no more will I control my griefs.
 Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
 Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
 Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
 Besides this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears;
 Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
 And threat me I shall never come to bliss,
 Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
 You heavy people, circle me about;
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
 The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
 And in this hand the other will I bear;
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part; for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,

The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
 Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
 Oh, 'would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
 But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
 And make proud Saturnine and his Emperess
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his Queen.
 Now will I to the Goths and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A Room in Titus' House. A Banquet
 set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and Young
 LUCIUS, a Boy.

Titus.

SO, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate out tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.—
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To LAVINIA.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with sighing, girl; kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall



Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad t
What violent hands can she lay on her
Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the nam
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made mise
Oh! handle not the theme, to talk of h
Lest we remember still that we have n
Fye, fye, how frantically I square my tal
As if we should forget we had no hand
If Marcus did not name the word of H
Come, let's fall to: and, gentle girl, eat
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,
She says, she drinks no other drink but
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon l
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy praye
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stum
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor mak
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know th

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bit
ments;
Make my aunt merry with some plessin

A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone ;
I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas ! my Lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother ?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air !
Poor harmless fly !

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd
him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir ; 'twas a black ill favour'd fly,
Like to the Empress' Moor : therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. Oh, Oh, Oh !

Then pardon me for reprehending thee, ;
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. Ah,
sirrah !

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :
I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Titus' House.**Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter Young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.**Boy.*

LELP, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not
why.—

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she
comes!

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee hurt.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius; somewhat doth she
mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee;
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee

Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;

Which made me down to throw my books and fling

Causeless perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the Books which LUCIUS
has let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the Heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
What book?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than
one

Confederate in the fact—Ay, more there was—
Or else to Heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;
My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft, soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find?—Lavinia, shall I
read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of 'Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see! note how she quotes the
leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
—Oh, had we never, never, hunted there!—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By Nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. Oh! why should Nature build so foul a d
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none b
friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed;
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down
me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia.

[He writes his Name with his Staff, and gu
it with his Feet and mouth.

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me. See I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

—Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last
What God will have discover'd for revenge.

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guid
with her Stumps, and writes.

Tit. Oh! do you read, my lord, what she hath w
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed!

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Mar. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I kn
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaim.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope
And swear with me—as with the woful feere,
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape—

That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how to do it ;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lessons then ?—Boy, what say you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury.
Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come ; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house ;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court.
Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Mar. O Heavens ! can you hear a good man groau,
And not relent, or not compassion him ?—
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield.
But yet so just, that he will not revenge —

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one Door; at another Door, Young LUCIUS and an Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.

Chiron.

DEMETRIUS, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;
—And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

[Aside.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius; what's the news?

Boy. —That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. *[Aside.]* May it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say:

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well.

—And so I leave you both, like bloody villains.

[Aside. Exeunt Boy and Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about!

Let's see;

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. Oh! 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the Grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just! a verse in Horace; right, you have it.

—Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their
guilt;

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty Empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.— [*Aside.*]

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the Palace-gate,
To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. —Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
over.

[*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the Emperor's trumpets flourish
thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the Emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her
Arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords:

Oh! tell me, did your see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

Nur. O gentle Aaron! we are all undone;
help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
at dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. Oh! that which I would hide from Heaven's

eye,
our Empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;
he is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

I mean, she's brought to bed. Well, God

Nur. Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Why, zounds you whore! is black so base a
hue?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Thou canst not undo.

Aar. Thou hast undone our mother.

Chi. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's poi
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon despatch

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels
[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and d

Stay,
Now
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Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
 Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
 That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
 He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
 That touches this my first-born son and heir.
 I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
 With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
 Nor great Alcides, nor the God of War,
 Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
 What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
 Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
 Coal black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue;
 For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
 Tell the Emperess from me, I am of age
 To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
 The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
 This, before all the world, do I prefer;
 This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor, in his rage, will doom her
 death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
 Eye, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
 The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer.
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
 He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
 And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchised and come to light.

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the Empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice ;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you ;
Keep there.—Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the Ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his !

Aar. Why, so, brave lords ! when we *do* join in
league,

I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain-lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd Empress.

Aar. The Emperess, the midwife, and yourself ?
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.
Go to the Empress ; tell her, this I said—

[*Stabbing her. She screams.*]

Weke, weke !—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? Wherefore didst
thou this ?

Aar. O Lord ! sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip ? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you, my full intent.
Not far one *Muliteus lives*, my countryman ;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed :
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all ;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;

And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, *my lords*, ye see, I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*

Aar. Now to the Goth's, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts.
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit with the Child.*

SCENE III. *The same. A public Place.*

*Enter TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the ends
of them; with him MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, and
other Gentlemen with Bows.*

Titus.

COME, Marcus, come.—Kinsmen, this is the
way.—

Sir boy, *now* let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit:

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;
 Happily you may catch her in the sea ;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land.—
 No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost centre of the earth.
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him this petition :
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid ;
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
 Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
 Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd ;
 This wicked Emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
 By day and night to attend him carefully ;
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ! how now, my masters
 What !

Have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you
 If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
 He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere el
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delay
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—

arcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;
 o big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size :
 it metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;
 it wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
 bear :

id, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
 e will solicit heaven, and move the gods,
 send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
 me, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*]

! *Jovem*, that's for you ;—Here, *ad Apollinem* ;—

! *Martem*, that is for myself ;— * * *

ere, boy, to *Pallas* ;—Here, to *Mercury* ;

! *Saturn*, Caius, not to *Saturnine* ;

ou were as good to shoot against the wind.—

! it, *my boy* ; Marcus, loose when I bid.

my word, I have written to effect ;

ere's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court ;

e will afflict the Emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] Oh, well
 said, *Lucius* !

od boy, in *Virgo's* lap ; give it to *Pallas*.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;

ur letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha ! *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done ?

e, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus's* horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord ; when *Publius*
 shot,

ie Bull, being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,

at down fell both the *Ram's* horns in the Court ;

id who should find them but the *Empress's* villain ?

e laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
 it give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your lordship
 joy.

Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.

ews ! news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker! he says, that I taken them down again; for the man must hang'd till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir! I know not Jupiter; I neve with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; of nothing els

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came God forbid, I should be so bold to press to be my young days. Why, I am going with my] to the tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperial's n

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to se your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration Emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grac my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ad But give your pigeons to the Emperor; By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold; mean while, here's money for thy c Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplic

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. when you come to him, at the first approach, yc kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up pigeons; and then look for your reward. I' hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let it.—

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;

For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.—
 And when thou hast given it to the Emperor,
 Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Cl. God be with you, sir; I will. [Exit.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go; Publius, follow me.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,
 Lords, and Others; SATURNINUS with the Arrows
 in his Hand that TITUS shot.*

Saturninus.

WHY, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever
 seen

An Emperor in Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
 Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
 My lords, you know, *as do* the mighty gods,
 However these disturbers of our peace
 Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to Heaven for his redress:
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the God of War:
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What's this, but libelling against the Senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstacies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,

He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his
heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts.—Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all.
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out. If Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aside.*]

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us!

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your Mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and Saint Stephen, give you
good den!—I have brought you a letter, and a couple
of pigeons here. [*Sat. reads the Letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r Lady, then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end. [*Exit guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne? as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begins our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often heard them say aloud
—When I have walked like a private man—
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their Empe-
ror.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will
 For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue,
 Go thou before, be our ambassador; [1]
 Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably
 And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus
 And temper him with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goth
 And now, sweet Emperor, be blithe again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.



ACT V.

SCENE I. Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius, and Goths, with Drum and

Lucius.

APPROVED warriors and my
 friends,
 I have received letters from great
 Which signify what hate they
 Emperor.

And how desirous of our sight they are.

Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth*. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;

Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us—we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him!

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his Arms.

2 *Goth*. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had Nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor;
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf,
Peace, villain, peace! even thus he rates the babe,
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,

Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, well-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? *what!* not a
word?

A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder. [*A Ladder is brought, which AARON
is obliged to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the Empress.
If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou
speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteousless perform'd;
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall
live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not! as, indeed, I do not:

Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,

Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—

Therefore I urge thy oath—For that, I know,

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,

And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;

To that I'll urge him. [*Aside.*] Therefore, thou shalt

vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,

That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,

To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the Empress,

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her;

And cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou
saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trim-
ming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
 Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay ;
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confederate with the Queen and her two sons ;
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laugh'
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
 When for his hand he had his two sons' heads ;
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
 And, when I told the Empress of this sport,
 She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
 And for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
 Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse—
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
 As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;
 Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks * *
 Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved, in Roman letters,

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
 more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
 Goths,

The Roman Emperor greets you all by me;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our General?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
 Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
 And we will come.—March! away! *[Exeunt.]*



SCENE II. Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tamora.

THUS, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word; how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump; witness these crimson
lines;

Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

venge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
 the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 ing wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
 wn, and welcome me to this world's light;
 rith me of murder and of death :
 not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
 obscurity, or misty vale,
 bloody Murder, or detested Rape,
 ich for fear, but I will find them out;
 heir ears tell them my dreadful name,
 , which makes the foul offenders quake.
 rt thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
 torment to mine enemies?

I am; therefore come down and welcome me.
 Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
 thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
 're some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
 m, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
 n I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
 irl along with thee about the globes.
 thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
 thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 l out murderers in their guilty caves:
 en thy car is loaded with their heads,
 smount, and by the waggon-wheel
 e a servile footman, all day long;
 m Hyperion's rising in the east,
 s very downfall in the sea.
 r by day I'll do this heavy task,
 destroy Rapine and Murder there.
 These are my ministers, and come with me.
 re them thy ministers? what are they call'd?
 Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
 hey take vengeance of such kind of men.
 hood lord, how like the Empress's sons they are!
 i the Empress! But we worldly men
 iberable, mad, mistaking eyes.

Revenge, now do I come to thee;
 one arm's embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit TITUS, from above]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
 Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches:
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
 And being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
 And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
 See! here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house;
 Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.
 How like the Empress and her sons you are!
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
 For, well I wot, the Empress never wags,
 But in her company there is a Moor;
 And, would you represent our Queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil.
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronic?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee
 wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome
 And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
 Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap,
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—

Go thou with them; and in the Emperor's court
 There is a queen, attended by a Moor
 —Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee—
 I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
 They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
 But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
 To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
 Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
 The Emperor himself, and all thy foes;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
 What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
 Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
 Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are;
 Tell him, the Emperor and the Empress too
 Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them.
 This do thou for my love; and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. —What say you, boys? will you abide with
 him,
 Whiles I go tell my lord the Emperor
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him, till I turn again. [*Aside to the*

Tit. —I know them all, though they suppose me
mad;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, fa-
well. [*Exit TAMOR*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Empress' s
I take them, *Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;

Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c., lay hold*

CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the Empress' s

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a wo
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA;
she bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia. Look, thy foes ar
bound.

ers, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me ;
 ut let them hear what fearful words I utter.

villains, Chiron and Demetrius !

ere stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
 mud ;

his goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

ou kill'd her husband ; and, for that vile fault,

wo of her brothers were condemn'd to death ;

ly hand cut off, and made a merry jest ;

oth her sweet hands, her tongue . . . and that, more
 dear

han hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

human traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say, if I should let you speak ?

villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

ark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

his one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

he bason, that receives your guilty blood.

ou know, your mother means to feast with me,

nd calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.

ark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,

nd with your blood and it I'll make a paste ;

nd of the paste a coffin I will rear,

nd make two pasties of your shameful heads ;

nd bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

ike to the earth, swallow her own increase.

his is the feast that I have bid her to,

nd this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;

or worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,

nd worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.

nd now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,

ceive the blood ; and, when that they are dead,

et me go grind their bones to powder small,

nd with this hateful liquor temper it ;

nd in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.

[*He cuts their Throats.*]

ome, come, be every one officious

o make this banquet ; which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
 [*Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Pavilion, with
 Tables, &c.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON,
Prisoner.

Lucius.

UNCLE Marcus, since it is my father's mind,
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours, with thine, befall what Fortune
 will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 Till he be brought unto the Empress' face,
 For testimony of her foul proceedings.
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
 I fear, the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt* Goths, with AARON. *Flourish.*
 The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,
 Senators, and Others.

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than one!

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun!

Mar. Rome's Emperor and nephew, break the
 parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

ady, which the careful Titus
to an honourable end,
love, for league, and good to Rome.
erefore draw nigh and take your places.
y, we will.

*Trumpets sound. The Company sit down
at Table.*

*Dressed like a Cook; LAVINIA, veiled,
LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the
the Table.*

re, my gracious lord; welcome, dread

varlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
all: although the cheer be poor,
stomachs; please you eat of it.
t thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
e I would be sure to have all well,
our Highness and your Empress.
e beholden to you, good Andronicus.
our Highness knew my heart, you were.
mperor, resolve me this:
me of rash Virginius,
ighter with his own right hand,
as enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?
Andronicus.

Your reason, mighty lord!
the girl should not survive her shame,
essence still renew his sorrows.
n mighty, strong, and effectual;
cedent, and lively warrant,
wretched, to perform the like.
ia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*
shame, thy father's sorrow die!
ast thou done, unnatural and unkind?
er, for whom my tears have made me

as Virginius was;

And have a thousand times more c
To do this outrage ; and it is now

Sat. What! was she ravish'd? tell

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't
ness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine
thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and D
They ravish'd her, and cut away h
And they, 'twas they, that did her

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us

Tit. Why, there they are both, l
Whereof their mother daintily hatl
Eating the flesh that she herself ha
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my kni

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this

Luc. Can the son's eye behold t
There's need for meed, death for a

[Kills SATURNINUS. A gre
People in confusion di
LUCIUS and their Partis
before TITUS' House.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of
Scatter'd by winds and high tempe
Oh! let me teach you how to knit
This scatter'd corn into one mutual
These broken limbs again into one
Lest Rome herself be bane unto he
And she, whom mighty kingdoms c

To lovesick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i'the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave:
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend.
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. Oh! pardon me;
For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child,

[Pointing to the Child in the arms of an
Attendant.

Of this was Tamora delivered,
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 And as he is, to witness this is true.

Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Ror
 Have we done aught amiss? Shew us wherein
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say we sha
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come to us, thou reverend m
 Rome,

And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our Emperor; for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal Emper

Lucius, &c. *descend.*

Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail! R
 gracious Governour!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; may I gover
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her wo
 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
 For Nature puts me to a heavy task;—
 Stand all aloof,—but, uncle, draw you near,
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
 Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
Oh! were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind Nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I open my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. Oh! why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave ;

My father and Lavinia shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,

No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,

No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;

But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :

Her life was beast-like and devoid of pity ;

And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning.

Then, afterwards, to order well the State,

That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt.*]





GLOSSARY.







GLOSSARY.

. Only the less usual meanings of known words, as *bosom*, *bulk*, &c. are here noticed.



BY, to pay dear for, to suffer.

Abysm, abyss, from the French *abysme*, now *abîme*.

Accite, to call or summons.

Aconitum, wolfsbane.

Adam, the name of an outlaw, noted for his skill in archery. *Much Ado*.

Adam Cupid, an allusion to the same person.

Adrest, ready, prepared.

Advertising, attentive.

Aery or Aiery, a nest, a brood.

Affect the letter, to practise alliteration.

Affects, affections or passions.

Affeerd, a law-term for confirmed.

Affined, joined by affinity.

Affront, to face or confront.

Affy, to betroth in marriage.

Aglet-baby, a figure formed on the tag of a point: from *aiguillettes*.

Agwize, acknowledge, confess, avow.

Aiery. See *Aery*.

Airy fame, verbal eulogium.

Alder-liefst, preferred to all things: from *love* or *life*, dear, and *alder*, of all.

A'life, at life.

Amazonian chin, a chin without a beard.

Amez-ace, two aces, the lowest chance of the dice.

A mort, sunk, dispirited.

Ancient, an ensign, or standard-bearer.

Angle, a fishing-rod.

Anires, caves and dens.

Approach, to impeach.

Apple-John, a species of apple that will keep for two years, in French *deux-ans*; a pimp.

Approof, approbation, or sometimes, proof, confirmation.

Aqua vite, usquebaugh.

Arabian bird, the phoenix.

Argentine goddess, regent of the silver moon.

Argier, Algiers.

Argosies, ships of great burthen.

Aroint, avaunt, or be gone.

Ascapart, a giant.

Ascaunt, aside, sideways.

Asperion, sprinkling.

Assay, to take the assay, applied to those who tasted wine for princes.

Assinego, an ass, a foolish fellow.

Astringer, a gentleman falconer;

from *austercus*, a goshawk.

At point, completely armed.

Atomies, minute particles discernable when the sun breaks into a darkened room.

Attashed, taken to task, censured.

Attent, attentive.

Baccare, a proverbial word, of doubtful meaning.

Bale, bane, ruin, misfortune.

Baldrick, a belt.

- Balked**, piled up.
Bandog, i. e. band-dog, a village dog, or mastiff.
Bandy, a metaphor from tennis-playing, to exchange smartly.
Banning, cursing.
Bans, curses.
Barbasen, the name of a demon.
Barbe, a kind of veil.
Barber-monger, one who consorts with barbers, a low fellow.
Barm, yeast.
Barnacles, a kind of shell-fish, growing on the bottom of ships.
Barne, a child.
Barryfull, full of impediments.
Base, a kind of loose breeches, a kil.
Basta, 'tis enough.
Bate, strife or contention.
Battel, the instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes.
Batten, to grow fat.
Bavin, brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out.
Bawcock, perhaps from *baw* and *cog*, a jolly cock, or cock of the game.
Bay curtal, a bay docked horse.
Beadsmen, persons maintained by charity to pray for their benefactor.
Bear a brain, to have a perfect remembrance.
Beck, a salutation made with the head; in the North, it means curtsying.
Becomed, becoming.
Beesome, blind.
Behests, commands.
Behowl, to howl at.
Beldame, ancient mother.
Be-lee'd, becalmed.
Belongings, endowments.
Be-mete, bemeasure.
Bemoiled, bedraggled, bemired.
Beamrök, to foul or dirty.
Beatraught, distracted.
Besteem, to give or bestow, or to permit, design, or suffer.
Bevy, a company, or number of quails or women.
Bezonian, a term of reproach; from *bisognoso*, a needy person.
Bias cheek, swelling out like the bias of a bowl.
Bid the base, to challenge in a contest.
Biggin, a kind of cap, worn now only by children.
- Bilberry**, the whurtle-berry.
Bilbo, a Spanish blade, flexible and elastic; the best of which are made at Bilboa.
Bilboes, a bar of iron, with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous sailors were confined; derived from Bilboa, which was famous for the manufacture of instruments of steel.
Bill, articles of accusation.
Bill, the old weapon of English infantry, still used by the watchmen in some towns.
Bin, been, are.
Bird-bolt, a short thick arrow without a point, used to kill rooks, and shot from a cross-bow.
Bisson, blinding.
Black cornered night, night which is as obscure as a dark corner.
Blacks, mourning made of stuffs of different kinds dyed black.
Blank, the white or the white mark at which arrows are discharged.
Blank and level, mark and aim, terms of gunnery.
Blaze, i. e. of youth, the spring of early life.
Blench, to start off, to fly off.
Blent, blended, mixed together.
Blind-worm, the *Cacilia*, or slow-worm.
Block, the thing on which a hat is formed.
Blurted or blurt, an expression of contempt.
Bobbed, fooled out of, cheated.
Bodge, to botch or to budge.
Boitier, a box to hold salve or simples.
Bolds, emboldens.
Boltered, dedaubed, begrimed.
Bolting-hutch, a wooden receptacle into which the meal is bolted.
Bombard, a barrel.
Bona-robax, ladies of pleasure.
Bores, stabs, or wounds.
Borne in hand, deceived, imposed upon.
Bosky, woody; bosky acres are fields divided by hedge-rows; from *boscus* and *bosquet*.
Bosom, heart, heart's desire.
Bots, worms in the stomach of a horse.—*A bots lig At* upon, as imprecation.
Boulted, sifted or refined.
Bourn, boundary, or rivulet dividing land.

owlines, ropes by which
of a ship are governed
wind is unfavourable.
the smoothness of a
reen.

l. e. hold or cut, at all

armour for the arm :
ace, state of defence.

id of hound ; used as a
ntempt.

lit.

y or deceitful.

, tears.

ket or furze-bush.

part of the and-irons,
the wood for the fire
rted.

manufacturer in brass,
rolf for charcoal.

ake fine ; *bravery* was
m for elegance of dress.
endly or gallantly.

ery.

id of dance.

epithet applied to the
e trumpet, harsh, grat-

gin.

o carve.

to break the matter to.

e.

ech, *K. John, Timon.*

Troilus and Cres. A

rise of arms, *ibid.*

courtly, verbal compli-

school discipline.

a buck sent for a pre-

ptial feast.

ort account, a contract

performed.—*Now-born*

he *breve originale* of the

ies.

nd or accompany.

bring forth.

ad, or horse-fly.

put on the spit, to trans-

badger.

kind of shoes.

mmunicated.

ush, a mouth that has

of its teeth.

atchmaker, a procuress.

rinket with a pin fixed to

adorned.

Brought, attended.

Brow, *l. e.* of youth, the height of
youth.

Brown bill, a kind of battle-axe af-
fixed to a stick.

Brownist, a follower of Brown, a
sectarian.

Bruising irons, an allusion to the
ancient mace.

Bruit, noise, or report.

Brush, *l. e.* of time, decay by time.

Buckle, to bend, or yield to pres-
sure.

Bug, bugbear.

Bugle, hunting-horn.

Bulk, breast.

Bumbard, a large vessel for holding
drink.

Bung, a cut-purse.

Bunting, the name of a bird.

Burgonet, a helmet.

Busky, woody.

But, only, except.

Butt-shaft, an arrow to shoot at
butts with.

Buxom, yielding, obedient.

Caddis-garter, a kind of worsted
garter.

Caddises, worsted lace.

Cade, a barrel.

Cadent, falling.

Cage, a prison.

Cain-coloured, yellow ; Cain was
represented of that colour in old
pictures.

Caitiff, a prisoner, slave, or scoun-
drel.

Calculate, to foretell.

Caliver, a light kind of musket.

Callet, a bad woman, or witch.

Calling, appellation.

Camelot, a place where king Arthur
is supposed to have kept his court.

Canaries, the name of a brisk, light
dance.

Canker, the canker-rose, dog-rose,
or hip.

Canstick, candlestick.

Cantle, a corner, or piece of any
thing.

Cantons, used for cantos.

Canvas-climber, one who climbs
the mast to furl the canvas, a ship-
boy.

Capped, saluted, by taking off the
cap.

Capable impressure, hollow mark.

Capocchio, a sot, or dull, heavy
gull, the Italian *capocchio*.

- Capricious*, lascivious.
Carack, a vessel of great bulk.
Caract, characters.
Carbonado, a piece of meat cut crossways for the gridiron.
Card, sea-chart.
Carded, mixed.
Carieres, i. e. to pass the carieres, a military phrase. Means that the common bounds of good behaviour were overpassed.
Carikanet, a kind of necklace or chain.
Carl, clown, husbandman.
Carlol, a peasant, or churl; from *carl*.
Carnal, sanguinary.
Carouses, drinks.
Carpet knight, a term of reproach, spoken of one knighted in time of peace, and on a carpet, on some festive occasion.
Carriage, import.
Case, skin, outside.
Case, a set or pair of any thing.
Casques, helmet.
Cassock, a horseman's loose coat.
Cast, to empty, to throw, or reject.
Cast lips, left-off lips.
Cast the water, to find out disorders by inspecting the urine.
Castring, a small lute-string made of caigut.
Cavaliero, an airy, sprightly, irregular fellow.
Caviary, a luxurious Russian dish made of the roe of the sturgeon.
Cautel, subtlety, or deceit.
Cautelous, artful, or insidious.
Cauterizing, burning, or blistering.
Cearment, the wrapping of an embalmed body.
Cease, decease, die.
Censer, brasier.
Certes, certainly.
Ces, measure, tax, or subsidy.
Chalcid, i. e. flowers with cups, from *calix*.
Challenge, law-term, the right of refusing a jurymen.
Chamber, London was anciently called the king's chamber.
Chamber, a piece of ordnance.
Chamberers, men of intrigue.
Changeting, a child substituted for one stolen.
Channel, keuel.
Chantry, little chapel in a cathedral.
- Character*, handwriting.
Charact, characters.
Charactery, the matter of which characters are made.
Chare, job of work.
Charge-house, free-school.
Chariest, from *chary*, the most cautious.
Chariness, caution.
Charneco, a kind of sweet wine.
Chases, a term in tennis.
Chaudron, entrails.
Cheater, for escheatour, an office in the Exchequer.
Check, command, control.
Cheer, countenance.
Cherry-pit, pitching cherry-stones into a little hole.
Cheeril, kid skin, soft leather.
Chewet, or *chuet*, a noisy, chattering bird, or a fat pudding.
Chile, resound, reecho.
Child, sometimes applied to knights and heroes.
Chiding, pregnant.
Choppine, a high shoe or clog.
Chopping, jabbering, talking glibly.
Chough, a bird of the jack-daw kind.
Christom, or *chrisom*, a christened child.
Chrystals, eyes.
Chucks, chicken, a term of endearment.
Chuffs, rich, avaricious people.
Circummured, walled round.
Circumstance, circumlocution.
Circumstanced, treated according to circumstances.
Cital, rectal.
Clack-dish, a beggar's dish.
Clap in, fall to.
Clapped i' the clout, hit the white mark.
Claw, to flatter.
Clean hum, awry.
Clepe, to call.
Clerkly, like a scholar.
Cling, to dry or shrink up.
Clinquant, glittering, shining.
Clipt, twined around, embraced.
Clout, the white mark at which archers took their aim.
Clouted, strengthened with clout, or hobnails.
Coasting, conciliating, inviting.
Cob-loaf, a crusty, uneven, gibbous loaf.
Cock and pye, a popular adjuration.
Cockshut-time, twilight.

- ed which grows up with
 e the fish called a cockle.
 rockle-shell hat, such as
 wore.
 norous.
 piece of dress.
 ent term for the raised
 ple.
 ify the dice, to lie.
 ing.
vantage, convenient
 rners.
 , stir.
 consequence or corol-
 ck, smutted with coal,
 sd.
 n of reproach, from the
 ns of coal dealers.
 argain.
 betrothed.
 , abetting.
 ommit.
 lain with.
 , self-interest.
 a comedy.
 companions.
 round.
 , composition.
 cant word for concu-
 nductor.
 ed, deceived, cheated.
 icture.
 ll.
 that which contains or
 , marriage contract.
 nfute.
 summoned.
 gress, is convenient.
 a convert.
 al, conveyance, theft.
 thieves.
 imself, derived his title.
 overpowered, baffled,
 ,
 feast.
 st, a hat with a conical
 ing to a top or head.
 exclamation of encou-
 or withered.
 surplus, one more than
 corrected.
 read.
- Coster-monger*, a dealer in costers,
 or costards, a kind of apple.
Cote, to overtake.
Couch, to lie with.
Counter-caster, one who reckons by
 counters.
Countercheck, an old term in the
 game of chess.
Counterfeit, portrait.
Counterpoints, counterpanes.
County, count, *conte*, It.
Courser's-hair, alluding to the no-
 tion that the hair of a horse, dropt
 into a corrupted water, will turn
 to an animal.
Courses, the mainsail and foresail.
Court cupboard, sideboard.
Cowed, restrained, or made cow-
 ardly.
Cower, to sink by bending the hams.
Cowstaf, a staff for carrying a
 large tub or basket with two
 handles.
Coyed, condescended reluctantly.
Coystril, a coward cock, a paltry
 fellow.
Cozier, a tailor, from *cousu*; or a
 cobbler, or sowter.
Crack, a child.
Crack of doom, dissolution of na-
 ture.
Cranking, *Crankling*, applied to
 the winding of a river.
Cranks, windings.
Crave, a kind of boat.
Craven, a degenerate, dispirited
 cock. Cowardly, to make cow-
 ardly.
Credent, creditable, probable.
Cresset, a light set upon a beacon,
 from *croisette*.
Crisp, curled.
Crone, old worn-out woman.
Cross-gartered, an article of puri-
 tanical dress.
Crow-keeper, a scare-crow.
Crownet, last purpose.
Cruel, worsted. *Lear*, applied to
 garters.
Crush, to drink.
Crusado, a Portuguese coin.
Cry, a pack or troop.
Cub-drawn, i. e. bear, one whose
 dugs are drawn dry.
Cuisses, armour for the thighs,
cuisses, Fr.
Cunning, knowing, skilful, in a
 good meaning
Curb, to bend and truckle, from
cowber.

- Curled*, ostentatiously dressed.
Curious, scrupulous.
Curat, shrewd, mischievous.
Curtail-dog, dog whose tail is cut.
Curtle-axe, a cutlass, broad-sword.
Customer, a common woman. *Oth.*
&c. or one who visits such.
Cut, horse.
Cut and long tail, a phrase from
 dogs, poor or rich.
Cuttle, a knife used by sharpers.

Daff, or *Doff*, to put off.
Damn, condemn.
Dank, wet, rotten.
Darling, in the dark.
Darraign, range, put in order.
Dealt, fought by proxy.
Dear, excellent, immediate, con-
 sequential.
Dearn, direful, lone, solitary.
Deboshed, debauched.
Deck, of cards, a pack.
Decline, as in grammar, to run
 through from first to last.
Deem, opinion, surmise.
Default, (in the) at need.
Defeat, to free, to disembarass.
Defeature, alteration of features.
Defence, the art of fencing.
Deftly, adroitly, dexterously.
Delighted, spirit, accustomed to
 delight.
Demise, grant.
Denay, denial.
Denoiements, indications, discove-
 ries.
Denude, strip, divest.
Depart and part, often synony-
 mous.
Deprive, take away.
Deracinate, force up by the roots.
Derogate, degraded.
Descant, variation, a term in music,
 or to harangue upon.
Deserved, deserving.
Despatched, bereft.
Detected, suspected, or charged.
Determined, concluded.
Dibble, an instrument in gardening.
Duchon, Richard.
Diffused, wild, irregular, extrava-
 gant.
Digression, transgression.
Dildos, a burthen of a song.
Directitude, discredit, or dis-
 credit.
Disable, undervalue.
Disappointed, unappointed, unpre-
 pared.

Discandy, to r
 dissolve.
Discourse, reas
Dishabited, disl
Dixmes, Fr., te
Dinatured, wa
 tion.
Dispark, to thro
Disperge, to spi
Dispose, to mak
Disputable, disj
Dispute, talk c
 account for.
Dissat, disprac
Distate, to corr
Distemperature
Divected, turne
 of nature.
Division, phras
 of it.
Doff. See *Daff*
Dole, alms, or d
Don, to do on, j
Down-gyred, h
 the loose cinc
 the fetters rei
Draught, the j
Draw, withdraw
Drawn, swords
A drawn fox, c
 over the grou
 hounds.
Dressings, ser
 ments of virtu
Driven bed, c
 feathers are
 with a fan.
Drumbe, to a
 stupid.
Ducdame, duc
 burthen of a s
Dudgeon, the l
 dagger.
Dull, gentle, s
Dullard, a per
 cerned.
Dumbs, makes
Dump, a mour
Dung, an abs
 part of a pro
Dungy, of dun
Dupped, did u
Durance, some

Eager, sour, h
Eanlings, lam
Eor, to plough
Easy, slight, li
Eche, eke out.
Ecstasy, aliens

- Edward shovel-boards**, Edward VIth's shillings, used at shuffle-board.
- Eftest**, or **Deftest**, readiest.
- Eld**, old person or persons, *Mer. Wis.* Decreptitude, *Mea. for Mea.*
- Element**, initiation, previous practice, air, sky.
- Elf**, done by elves or fairies.
- Emballing**, being distinguished by the ball, the emblem of royalty.
- Embare**, expose, display to view.
- Embarquements**, impediments, hinderances.
- Embossed**, when a deer is run hard, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be embossed. Swollen, puffy.
- Empiricist**, of an empirical kind, quackish.
- Empyry**, dominion, sovereign command.
- Emulous**, often used in a bad sense for envious.
- Enactures**, laws.
- Enclave**, hide.
- End**, still an end, generally.
- Enfeoff**, to invest with possession.
- Engaged**, delivered as an hostage.
- Engross**, to fatten or pamper.
- Engrossments**, accumulations.
- Enkindle**, or **kindle**, to stimulate.
- Enmesh**, enclose them all, from taking birds or fishes with meshes.
- Enow**, to flutter, terrify, a term in falconry.
- Enridged**, bordered, or perhaps for *enraged*.
- Enseamed**, to secure in a safe place.
- Enseamed**, greasy.
- Enshell'd**, concealed, masked.
- Ensteeped**, immersed.
- Entertainment**, pay, *Cor. Oth.* Receive into service *Jut. Cæs.*
- Entreatments**, favours, or objects of entreaty.
- Envy**, often used for aversion, malice.
- Ephesian**, a cant term, perhaps for a toper.
- Erewhile**, a little while ago.
- Erring**, wandering, errant.
- Escape**, illegitimate child.
- Escoted**, paid: from *escot*, shot, or reckoning.
- Esperance**, the motto of the Percy family.
- Espials**, spies.
- Essential**, real, existent.
- Estimable**, i. e. *wonder*, esteeming wonder, or esteem and wonder.
- Estimate**, the rate at which I value.
- Estimation**, conjecture.
- Estridges**, ostriches.
- Eterne**, eternal.
- Even**, to make even, or represent plain.
- Even Christian**, fellow Christian.
- Evils**, jokes.
- Examined**, disputed or doubted.
- Excellent differences**, distinguished excellencies.
- Excrement**, the beard.
- Execute**, sometimes for *to use*, or employ.
- Executors**, executioners.
- Exempt**, independent, not under the control of.
- Exercise**, exhortation, lecture.
- Exhale**, breathe your last.
- Exhibition**, allowance.
- Exigent**, end.
- Exorcism**, in Shakespeare, generally means the *raising of spirits*.
- Expect**, expectation.
- Expedience**, expedition.
- Expedient**, expeditious.
- Expeditiously**, expeditiously.
- Expostulate**, inquire or discuss.
- Exsufficate**, bubble-like.
- Extacy**, a degree of madness.
- Extend**, to seize.
- Extent**, violence.
- Extern**, outward.
- Extremity**, calamity.
- Eyases**, young nestlings.
- Eyas-musket**, a young hawk.
- Eye**, glance, look.
- Eye in the eye**, in view, before.
- Eyblads**, eyes; from *axillades*, Fr.
- Eyne**, eyes.
- Face-royal**, a face not to be meddled with.
- Facinorous**, wicked.
- Factionous**, active.
- Faculty**, exercise of power.
- Fadge**, to suit or fit.
- Fadings**, a dance.
- Fain**, fond.
- Fair**, fairness, beauty.
- Faitors**, traitors, rascals.
- Fall**, often used as an active verb: *At fall*, at an ebb.
- Falsing**, a thing that's falsified, or false.
- Falsely**, illegally, illegitimately.
- Mea. for Mea.*
- Familiar**, a demon.

- Fancies and Goodnights*, little poems so called.
- Fancy*, love.
- Fang*, to seize, or gripe.
- Fantastical*, of fancy, or imagination.
- Fantasticoes*, affected, foolish fellows.
- Fap*, beaten, or drunk.
- Fap*, extensively.
- Far off guilty*, guilty in a remote degree.
- Farced*, stuffed.
- Farthel*, or *fardel*, a bundle, a burthen.
- Fashions*, the farcens, or farcy.
- Favour*, countenance.
- Fear*, to affright.
- Fear*, danger.
- Feat*, to form, to model.
- Feat*, ready, dexterous.
- Feature*, form, person.
- Federary*, a confederate.
- See farm*, a kiss in *see-farm*, a long and unbounded kiss, from a law phrase.
- Feeders*, low debauched servants.
- Feere*, a companion, a husband.
- Fell*, skin.
- Fell of hair*, hairy part.
- Fence*, skill in fencing.
- Frodary*, a vassal.
- Festimately*, hastily.
- Festival terms*, splendid phraseology.
- Fet*, fetched, derived.
- Fico*, a fig, or *figo*.
- Fielded*, in the field.
- Fig*, to insult.
- File*, a list.
- Filed*, defiled.
- Finch egg*, a term of reproach; a finch's egg is remarkably gaudy.
- Fine*, to make showy or specious.
- Finer*, for final.
- Fine issues*, great consequences.
- Fineless*, unbounded, endless.
- Fire-drake*, a serpent, a will-o'-the-wisp, a fire-work.
- Fire-new*, just off the irons, quite new.
- Firk*, to chastise.
- First house*, chief branch of the family.
- Firstlings*, first produce.
- Fit o' the face*, grimace.
- Fits o' the season*, its disorders.
- Fixure*, position.
- Flap-dragon*, an inflammable substance swallowed by topers.
- Flap-jack*, a kind of pancake.
- Flaw*, a sudden gust of wind.
- Fleked*, spotted, dappled, stre
- Fleet*, for float.
- Fleshment*, performance. A soldier fleshes his sword when first draws blood with it.
- Flewed*, deep-mouthed, applied hounds.
- Flibbertigibbet*, a fiend.
- Flickering*, fluttering, undulating the motion of flame.
- Flote*, wave.
- Flourish*, to ornament, sanct
- Flout*, to wave idly, to wa
- mockery.
- Flush youth*, youth ripen manhood.
- Foin*, to make a thrust in fen
- Foison*, plenty.
- Fond*, valued, prized, foolish discreet.
- Fond done*, foolishly done.
- Foot*, to grasp.
- Forage*, to range abroad.
- Fortune*, overcome or destroy
- Foredoomed*, anticipated doom.
- Forefended*, prohibited, forb
- Foreslow*, to be dilatory.
- Forgetive*, from forge, in
- imaginative.
- Forked plague*, an allusion
- cuckold's horns.
- Formal capacity*, not de
- or out of form.
- Former*, foremost.
- Forspoken*, contradicted
- against.
- Forwared*, worn out.
- Frapold*, fretful, peevish
- Frank*, a sty.
- Franklin*, a freeholder,
- Frets*, the stops of a nu
- ment, which regulat
- tions of a string.
- Frippery*, a shop wher
- are sold.
- Frontlet*, part of a w
- dress.
- Frush*, to break or b
- Fulham*, a cant term
- Fulsome*, obscene.
- Furnishings*, colour
- tences.
- Fustilarian*, from
- name.
- Gaberdine*, the cr
- peasant, or a lo

- God**, a sharp-pointed instrument :
Done upon the Gad, suddenly, capriciously.
- Galliard**, an ancient dance.
- Galliasse**, a kind of ships so called.
- Gallimawry**, a confused heap of things together.
- Gallow**, to scare, or frighten.
- Gallow-glasses**, foot-soldiers among the Irish.
- Garboils**, commotions.
- Garish**, gaudy, showy.
- Gasted**, frightened.
- Gawd**, a bawble, or trifle.
- Gear**, a colloquial expression, for things or matters.
- Geck**, a fool.
- Gennets**, or *jennets*, Spanish horses.
- German**, a-kin.
- Germins**, seeds which have begun to germinate or sprout.
- Gest**, a stage, on a journey.
- Gib**, a name for a cat.
- Giglots**, wanton wenches.
- Ginmal**, a kind of ring.
- Gimmel-bit**, a bit of which the parts played one with another, snaffle bit.
- Ging**, an oldword for gang.
- Gird**, a sarcasm, or gibe: *To gird*, to be sarcastical.
- Glaive**, a sword.
- Glared**, gazed upon, looked fiercely.
- Gleek**, to joke or scoff.
- Glid**, to lib, or geld.
- Glooming**, gloomy.
- Gloze**, to expound, or explain.
- Glut**, to swallow.
- God'ild you**, God yield you, or reward you.
- God's souties**, the abbreviation of an ancient oath.
- Gongarian**, for Hungarian, used as a term of reproach.
- Good den**, good evening.
- Gorbellied**, fat and corpulent.
- Gospelled**, of precise or puritan virtue.
- Gossomer**, the white exhalations which fly about in summer.
- Gougeers**, the French distemper.
- Gowrd**, an instrument of gaming.
- Gouts**, drops. *Fr.*
- Gramercy**, grand merci, great thanks. *Fr.*
- Grise**, or *Grize*, a step.
- Groundings**, the lower sort of people who stood on the ground, in the old theatres.
- Guerdon**, reward.
- Guerdoned**, rewarded.
- Gules**, a term in heraldry, red.
- Gust**, to taste.
- Gyve**, to catch, to shackle.
- Gyves**, shackles.
- Haggard**, a kind of hawk.
- Halcyon**, a bird, otherwise called the kingfisher.
- Hallidom**, christening.
- Handsaw**, corrupted from *Hernshaw*.
- Hangers**, that part of the girdle or belt by which the sword was suspended.
- Hardiment**, hardness, bravery, stoutness.
- Harlocks**, the name of a plant, probably the bur-dock.
- Harlots**, sometimes applied to cheats of the male sex.
- Harlotry**, vulgar, filthy.
- Harness**, armour.
- Harrow**, to conquer, to subdue.
- Harry**, to hurt, to use roughly.
- Hatch**, to cut or engrave.
- Having**, estate or fortune.
- Haught**, haughty.
- Hay**, a term in fencing.
- Hearted throne**, the heart in which thou wast enthroned.
- Hebenon**, henbane.
- Hested**, heaved, agitated.
- Hests**, heavings.
- Hell**, a cant name for a dungeon in a prison.
- Henchman**, page of honour.
- Hent**, to seize or take possession, to take hold of.
- Herb of grace**, rue.
- Hermits**, beadsmen.
- Hest**, behest, command.
- Hight**, called.
- Hilding**, or *hilderting*, a low wretch.
- Hoar**, hoary, mouldy.
- Hob-nob**, let it happen or not.
- Hold**, i. e. rumour, to believe it.
- Hold taking**, bear handling.
- Hoodman-blind**, blindman's buff.
- Horologe**, clock.
- Hoxes**, to hox, or hough, to cut the hamstring.
- Hull**, to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder.
- Humming**, overwhelming.
- Hunt-counter**, blunderer, a term of the chase.
- Hunts-up**, a morning hunting tune.

- Hurly*, noise.
Hurtle, to dash, or push violently.
Hymn, hymna.
- Jaunting*, jaunting.
Jay, a bad woman.
Ice-book, i. e. temper, tempered by being plunged into an ice-brook.
Jealous, suspicious.
Jesses, straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk to hold her in hand.
Jet, to strut, to walk proudly.
Ignomy, ignominy.
Jig, a ludicrous dialogue in metre.
Imbare, to lay open, or expose.
Immanity, barbarity, savageness.
Immediacy, proximity without intervention.
Imp out, to supply the deficiency, a phrase from falconry.
Impair, unsuitable to the dignity.
Impawn, to engage; the modern word is to commit one's self.
Imperious, sometimes used for imperial.
Impeteverant, ill perseverant, or perseverant.
Impress, a device, or motto.
Incardine, stained of a flesh colour, or red.
Inclips, embraces.
Incony, fine, or pretty, a term of endearment.
Indent, to bargain, or article.
Indues, subdues.
Indued, inured, or formed by nature.
Indurance, delay, procrastination.
Inhooped, enclosed, confined.
Initiate, young, just initiated.
Ink-horn mate, a bookman.
Inkle, a species of tape, or worsted.
Insculped, engraved.
Insoonce, to fortify.
Intention and *intently*, for attention, attentively.
Interested, interested.
Intranchant, that which cannot be cut.
Intrinsic, intricate, or intrinsecate, ravelled.
Inward, sometimes for an intimate.
Journal, daily.
Irk, to make uneasy.
Irregularous, lawless, licentious.
Iteration, citation, or repetition.
Jump, to agree with, to suit, to match.
- Juvenal*, a young man.
- Keck*, a lump or mass of tallow.
Kell, to cool.
Kernes, light-armed Irish soldiers. See *Gallow-glasses*.
Key-cold, as cold as iron, a key of which is used to stop small bleedings.
Kickey-wicksy, a ludicrous name for a wife.
Kitn-hole, the place into which coals are put under a stove.
Kirtle, a sort of garment, tunic.
Knop, to break short.
Knolls, figures into which part of a garden was disposed.
- Laced mutton*, cant name for a woman.
Lackeying, floating backwards and forwards.
Lag, sag-end.
Lakin, ladykin, or little lady.
Lances, lance-men.
Land-damn, probably, to banish from the land.
Land-rokers, wanderers on foot.
Lapsed in time, having suffered time to slip.
Latch, to lay hold of.
Lated, belated, benighted.
Latten, lathy, thin.
Lavolta, a dance.
Laund, lawn.
Lay, a wager.
Leaguer, a name for a camp.
Leasing, falsehood.
Leavened, matured, prepared.
Leech, physician.
Leer, feature, complexion, or colour.
Leet, court-leet, a petty court of justice.
Leg, obeisance, bow.
Legerity, lightness, nimbleness.
Leiger, a resident, or resident-a-bassador.
Leman, a lover, or mistress.
Lenten, short and spare.
L'envoy, a term borrowed from old French poetry.
Lewd, ignorant, sometimes idle.
Libbard, leopard.
Liberty, libertine, or libertin.
Liefert, dearest.
Lifter, a thief.
Limbeck, or *alembic*, a vessel by chemists.

ess, confinement.
 ared, as with bird-lime.
 imates, or outlines,
 tches.
 eated.
 h used to make old hats

he staff to which the
 xed, when ordnance is

nd or limit.
 ble, or yielding.
 rry small fish, exceed-
 ific.
 ithet implying dullness
 rity.
 rticular lock of hair,
 ve-lock.
 kind of linen.
 ading star, the polestar.
 ame played with bowl

rlonged, wished, or de-

ght close to the wind.
 : fellow.
 of apertures.
 nches.
 ie diminutive of lord.
 d.
 ry fellow.
 ited with contempt.
 rthless fellow.
 cy, freuzy.
 iriolo, to deprive.
 k full colour.
 rful, pleasant. *Dutch*.
 ve, a bloodhound.

maggle.
 . chief man in Venice.
 pped up, bundled up,
 ith mail.
 , the main body is de-

parent.
 itchen weuch, or scul-
 ll.
 tipplers.
 , hesitating, stammer-

ppet.
 , cut in pieces.
 nduct, administration.
 , a plant of soporific

i root, supposed to have
 of a man, and to groan
 ed from the ground.
 iacniline.

Manner, with the manner, in the
 fact.

Marchpane, a kind of sweet confec-
 tion, or biscuit.

Marches, borders, confines.

Martlemas, St. Martin's tide, in
 November.

Mated, confounded.

Meacock, timorous, dastardly.

Meated, sprinkled, or mingled.

Mean, a tenour.

Measure, a solemn dance.

Meozels, lepers.

Medicine, physician.

Meditation, quickness of enthusias-
 tic thought.

Meincy, people. *Fr.*

Mell, to meddle with.

Memory, memorial.

Means, the means, the wherewithal.

Meer, absolute, entire, total.

Mered question, the sole question.

Mewed, confined.

Micher, a truant.

Minute-jack, Jack o' the clock.

Miscreate, illegitimate, spurious.

Misprised, mistaken.

Misprising, despising, contemning.

Mixingly, at intervals, occasion-
 ally.

Missives, messengers.

Mistempered, angry, contentious.

Mistful, i. e. eyes ready to flow
 with tears.

Mobled, veiled or muffled.

Model, mould, plan.

Modern, common, of every day.

Module, model.

Moe, to make mouths.

Moist star, the moon.

Mome, a dull, stupid, blockhead.

Momentary, short, momentary.

Monster, to make monstrous.

Moonish, variable.

Mope, to be stupid or foolish.

Mopes and mowes, wry faces and
 mockings.

Mort, i. e. of the deer, a tune on
 the death of the deer.

Mortal, pernicious, deadly.

Mortified, religious, retired, peace-
 able.

Motion, puppet; puppetshows were
 called motions.

Motive, assistant, or mover.

Mouldwarp, the mole.

Moys, pieces of gold.

Muck, an expression of admiration
 or disdain.

Muckwater, the drain of a dunghill.

Muffler, a part of the female head-dress.

Mulled, softened, dispirited.

Mundane, worldly.

Mure, wall.

Mus, a scramble.

Mutine, to mutiny; or a mutinous fellow.

Napless, threadbare.

Nayword, a watchword, or a by-word.

Neb, the mouth.

Needs, needles.

Neglection, neglect.

Nef, fist.

Nether-stocks, stockings.

Newt, the eel.

Nice, silly, trifling.

Nick, reckoning or count.

To nick, to set the mark on.

Night-rule, frolic of the night.

Nill, shall not.

Nine men's morris, figures cut out in the turf for a game so called.

Noble touch, true metal unalloyed.

Nonce, for the nonce, on purpose.

Noon-tide prick, noontide point on the dial.

Nott-pated, round headed, cropt.

Nooum, a game at dice.

Nouzle, to thrust the nose into.

Novel, a head.

Nurture, education.

Nut-head, a catchpole.

Odd-even, the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning.

Od's pitikins, God's my pity.

Oeliads, glances of the eye. *Fr.*

Oes, circles.

Opal, a precious stone, of almost all colours.

Operant, active.

Opinion, reputation.

Ordinance, rank.

Orgulous, proud. *Fr.*

Ostent, ostentation or demonstration.

Overcrows, overcomes, triumphs over.

Overscutched, whipt, or carted, applied to low prostitutes.

Ouphes, fairies.

Ousel-cock, supposed the cock blackbird.

Out-ried, defeated, a term in the old game of primers.

Owe, own.

Oxlip, the greater cowslip:

Pack, to make a bargain, or collusively.

Packings, frauds.

Pale, dominions, boundaries.

Pall, to wrap, or invest.

Palled, vapid, decayed.

Palmers, pilgrims who visited places.

Palmy, victorious.

Palter, to shuffle.

Paragoned, peerless, without parison.

Parcell-bawd, half-bawd.

To parcell, to reckon.

Parcell-gilt, partly gilt.

Paritors, apparitors, officers of spiritual court.

Parte, dispute by words.

Partous, perilous, keen, shrewd.

Partizan, a pike.

Pash, head.

To pash, to butt, or strike with violence.

Passed, sometimes for surpass expression.

Passy-measure, a kind of dance.

Patch, a fool.

Path, to walk.

Patines, round broad plates.

Pavin, a kind of dance.

Paucas palabris, few words, rupted from the Sp. *pocas palabras*.

Payed, beaten, drubbed. *Her 1st Part*, punished.

Peat, pet, or darling, a spoiled child.

Peer-out, appear out, or peep out.

Peevish, foolish.

Peize, to weigh, to keep in suspense. *Fr.*

Pelting, paltry.

Perdu, one of the forlorn hope.

Perdy, a corruption of the *Fr.* oath, *par Dieu*.

Perfect, certain, or well assured.

Pestapts, charms worn about the neck.

Pew-fellow, a companion.

Pheere, a mate, or companion.

Pheese, to plague or tease.

Pia Mater, the membrane that protects the substance of the brain.

Pick, to pitch.

Pickers, hands.

Pick-thank, an officious parasite.

Piece, one, individual.

Pieled, shaved.

ixed.	<i>Profession</i> , end and purpose of
sleath.	counting.
h has lost the hair.	<i>Prolixious</i> , coy, distant.
probably for vile.	<i>Promptue</i> , suggestion, instigation.
	<i>Proue</i> , humble or prompt.
	<i>Properties</i> , the necessaries of a
l.	theatre.
yes. 7.	<i>Provand</i> , provender.
ily signified a ship	<i>Prune</i> , to trim, set in order.
n.	<i>Pugging</i> , cant word for coveting,
which consecrated	as a thief or sharper.
pt.	<i>Puke</i> , colour between russet and
her.	black.
b.	<i>Pun</i> , to pound.
free from conceal-	<i>Pussel</i> , a low wench.
	<i>Putter-out</i> , one who puts out his
fboards or planks.	money on interest or other ad-
	vantage.
m the Lat.	<i>Puttock</i> , a kite.
ney.	<i>Quail</i> , to sink, to faint.
or schemes.	<i>Quaked</i> , thrown into trepidation.
is, pleasing, popu-	<i>Quarry</i> , the game after it is killed.
	<i>Quart d'ecu</i> , fourth part of a
in each other.	French crown.
ctly, completely.	<i>Quat</i> , a scab, an angry blockhead.
ctly. Fr.	<i>Quasny</i> , suspicious, unsettled.
moment.	<i>Quell</i> , to murder.
	<i>Quests</i> , reports.
sly look.	<i>Question</i> , conversation.
leared.	<i>Questrist</i> , one who goes in search
fumed ball, worn	of another.
tion.	<i>Quiddits</i> , subtleties.
cies of apple.	<i>Quill</i> , in the quill, written.
dried and salted.	<i>Quillets</i> , evasion, chicanery.
ot.	<i>Quintain</i> , a post or butt set up.
pearance.	<i>Quips</i> , hasty, passionate reproaches
ice, or safe arrival	and scofs.
	<i>Quired</i> , played in concert.
e.	<i>Quit</i> , to requite.
nderstand.	<i>Quittance</i> , return of injuries or
ghly or violently.	favours.
ca.	<i>Quiver</i> , nimble, active.
r.	<i>Quote</i> , to observe or regard, to
x cut with open	mock.
	<i>Rabato</i> , an ornament for the neck.
to deck out.	<i>Rabbit-sucker</i> , a young rabbit.
who pretends to	<i>Race of heaven</i> , something de-
	scended from heaven, heavenly.
d, flogged.	<i>Rae</i> , a pond.
eady named.	<i>Rack</i> , the last fleeting vestige of
f the second year.	the highest clouds.
	<i>To rack</i> , to harass by exactions.
portant.	<i>Ram</i> , for rain.
at cards.	<i>Rampollion</i> , a ramping, low crea-
nb or pet.	ture.
	<i>Rapt</i> , rapturously affected.
od may it do you.	<i>Raled sinew</i> , a strength reckoned
es, free of speech,	upon.

Ravin, to devour voraciously.
Raught, reached.
Rawly, without preparation, suddenly, hastily.
Rayed, bewrayed.
Haze, a bale.
Recheat, a horn, a tune to call the dogs back.
Reck, to care for.
Recorder, a kind of flute.
Red-lattice phrases, alehouse conversation, from the form of the doors and windows.
Red plague, the erysipelas, S. Antony's fire.
Reeky, discoloured by smoke.
Reels, probably for wheels.
Refel, to confute.
Regreet, exchange of salutation.
Reguerdon, recompense, return.
Remotion, removal from place to place, shifting.
Remues, journeys, stages.
Render, to describe.
Renegé, to renounce.
Repeals, recalls.
Reports, reporters.
Reproof, confutation.
Reserve, to resist.
Reserve, to guard, to preserve carefully.
Resolve, dissolve.
Respect, caution, regard to consequences.
Respective, respectful or respectable.
Respectively, respectfully.
Rest, what I am resolved on.
Retort, to refer back.
Reverbs, reverberates.
Revolts, revolters.
Rheumatic, capricious, humour-some.
Rib, to enclose.
Ribald, lewd fellow.
Rid, to destroy.
Rift, to split.
Riggish, wanton.
Rigol, a circle.
Rim, part of the viscera.
Ringed, encircled.
Rinage, the bank or shore.
Rivalry, equal rank.
Rivals, equals.
Rise, to discharge or burst.
Romage, a tumultuous hurry.
Ronyon, a scab, a despicable person.
Rood, the cross.
Rooky, abounding with rooks.

Ropeticks, roguish tricks, or abusive language.
Ropery, roguery.
Roundel, a circular dance.
Roundure, a circle.
Rouse, a draught of jollity, carousal.
Royal, or *real*, a coin of the value of ten shillings.
Royally attorneyed, nobly supplied by substitution of embassies.
Royuish, maugy, scurvy.
Ruddock, the redbreast.
Ruffle, to be noisy, disorderly.
Ruffling, bustling or rustling.
Rump-fed, fed with offals.
Rush, for rush-ring.
Ruth, pity, compassion.
Sacaron, the name of a bear.
Sacring-bell, the bell which gives notice of the Host approaching.
Sad ostent, grave appearance.
Sagg, to sink down.
Sallet, a helmet.
Saltiers, satyrs.
Samingo, San Domingo.
Saw, discourse.
Say, old word for silk.
Seale, to disperse, to spread.
Scaling, weighing.
Scall, a word of reproach, scath.
Scamble, to scramble.
Scanned, examined nicely.
Scandling, measure or proportion.
Scarfed, decorated with flags.
Scath, destruction, harm.
Sconce, the head, or a kind of fortification.
Scotch, to bruise or crush.
Scrimers, fencers. *Fr.*
Scroyles, scabby fellows.
Scrubbed, stunted, shrub-like, or short and dirty.
Sculls, shoals of fish.
Seam, lard.
Seamel, a sea-mew.
Seamy side without, inside out.
Sear, dry.
Sear, to close up.
Seel, to sew up.
Seeling, blinding.
Seld, seldom.
Semblably, in resemblance, *alibi*.
Seniory, seniority.
Sennet, a flourish on cornets.
Sense, reason and natural affection.
Septentrion, the North.
Sequence, of degree, methodically.
Sere, see *Sear*.

- kind of tetter.
 , Sp., cease.
 a term from tennis.
s rest, a term from the
 exercise.
 kind of god or devil.
severell, a field separated
 bers to bear corn and

 : person who placed the
 order.
se, borne on shards or

 . to pick up without dis-

ercules, Samson.
 ning, bright, gay.
 lucid, transparent.
 lded, roughly treated.
 ck, sherry sack.
 lice.
 o off.
 rojected.
st, a kind of game.
stads, shillings used at the
 shovel-board.
 a species of dog.
clapper, a balliff.
 evere, bitter.
 nfeffion.
 call to confession.
 nership at play.
 tool or seat.
 mmon voider.
 unsightly.
 s, of steel, the perforated
 the helmet.
 sak, little.
sithence, since.
 owances.
mates, kin's mates.
 son.
 , is of no importance.
 a tapster; from *Skink*, to

 scour.
 treat with indignity.
 arse unwrought silk.
 carried on a sledge.
 intwisted.
 rta.
 unterfeit piece of money;
 or leading a dog.
 sliced.
 se breeches or trowsers.
 he skin which the serpent
 off annually.
 lelayed.
 to obscure.
 l, soiled, obscured.
- Sneap*, rebuke, check.
Sneek up, a cant phrase, probably
 for, go hang yourself.
Snipe, an insignificant fellow.
Snuff, anger, annoyance.
Snuffs, dislikes.
Soft, i.e. conditions, gentle qualities
 of mind.
Soil, turpitude, reproach.
Solidares, some species of coin.
Sooth, truth.
Sover, a greater or heavier crime.
Sorel, a deer during his third year.
Sort, to choose out.
Sorts, different degrees or kinds.
Sort and suit, figure and rank.
Sot, fool. Fr.
Soud, sweet, or an exclamation de-
 noting weariness.
Sowle, to drag down.
Sowler, the name of a hound.
Spanieled, dogged.
Speak parrot, to act childish and
 foolishly.
Speak holiday, i.e. words curiously
 and affectedly chosen.
Speculation, sight.
Speculative instruments, the eyes.
Speed, fate or event.
Sperr, to bar up.
Spill, to destroy.
Spleen, hurry, or tumultuous speed.
Spotted, wicked.
Sprag, ready, alert.
Sprighted, haunted.
Springhalt, a disease incident to
 horses.
Square, to quarrel.
Squarer, a quarrelsome fellow.
Squash, an immature peascod.
Squincy, to look asquint.
Squire, a rule or square.
Stage, to place conspicuously.
Stagers, a disorder peculiar to
 horses.
Stain, colour or tincture.
Stale, a decoy to catch birds.
Stannyl, the name of a kind of
 hawk.
Stark, stiff.
State, a chair of state.
Statist, statesman.
Staves, the wood of the lances.
Stead, to help or befriend.
Sternage, the hinder part, close
 after.
Stickler, one who stood by to part
 the combatants, an umpire.
Stigmatical, marked or stigmatized.
Still, quiet, constant, continual.

- Stilly*, gladly, lowly.
Stinted, stopped.
Stint, to stop.
Stithied, forged; from *stithy*, an anvil.
Stocata, a thrust or stab. *Ital.*
Stock, stocking.
Stomach, stubborn resolution, pride, or haughtiness.
Stone-bow, a cross-bow to shoot stones.
Stover, hay made of coarse rank grass, and used for thatching.
Strait, narrow, avaricious.
Straited, put to difficulties.
Strange and *strangeness*, shy and shyness.
Strangle, to suppress.
Strawy, straying.
Striker, cant word for a borrower.
Stuck, or *stock*, for *stocata*, a term in fencing.
Stuffed sufficiency, abilities more than enough.
Submerged, whelmed under water.
Subscribe, to yield or surrender.
Subtleties, disguised dishes.
Success, succession.
Successive, i. e. title, title to the succession.
Suggest, to tempt, to excite.
Suited, dressed.
Sumpter, either the horse or the package that conveys necessaries.
Superfluous, overclothed. *All's Well*. Living in abundance. *Lear*.
Surcease, cessation, stop.
Surreined, overridden.
Swart, or *swarth*, black or dark brown.
Swashing, imposing, bullying.
Swath, the quantity of grass cut down by a single stroke of the scythe.
Sway, weight or momentum.
Swellered, in a heat.
Swings-bucklers, rakes, or rioters.
Swooned, swoon.
- Table*, the palm of the hand extended, a picture.
Tables, books of ivory for memorandums.
Tabourines, small drums.
Ta'en order, taken measures.
Tog, the vulgar populace.
Take, i. e. a house, to go into a house.
Take, to strike with disease.
Take in, to subdue.
- Talent*, for *talon*.
Tarre, to stimulate.
Tasked, taxed.
Tassel-gentle, or species of hawk.
Tawney coat, the moner or apparit
Taxation, censure.
Teen, sorrow, grief
Temper, to mould
Temperance, temp
Tend, attend.
Tender, to regard
Tent, to take up re
Terrel, the male ha
Tested, attested, gr
Testerved, gratified sixpence.
Tetchy, touchy, pe
Tether, a string b
mal is fastened.
Tharborough, thi
peace officer.
Theoric, theory.
Thews, muscular
pearance of man
Thick, quick, fast.
Thick-pleached, thi
Thill, or *fill*, the s
waggon.
Thin helm, thin co
Thought, melanc
Thrasonical, insol
from Thraso, a
Terence.
Thread, to pass thr
Three-pile, rich vel
Thrifl, a state of pi
Thrummed, made of
of the weaver's w
Tib, a nickname for
Tickle, ticklish.
Tickle-brain, the n
liquor.
Tilley-valley, an
contempt.
Time, tune.
Timeless, untimely
Timely-parted, i. e.
in the course of t
Tirr, to fasten, to f
Tire valiant, or w
head-dress.
Tired, adorned.
Tod, a certain quan
Toged, gowned.
Tohened, spotted.
Tolling, paying tol
Tomboy, a masculi
Too much, any sum

- upreme, sovereign.
 trouble.
 the features, the trait.
 nd towards, readiness.
 ms, freaks.
 uravel, to close examine.
 follow or succeed in.
 scent left by the passage
 une.
 , to catch; *tremmel* is a
 of net.
 ferry.
 ; to change or transform.
 cut away, the superfluities,
 eck; a phrase in hunting.
 an ancient military word
 and.
 l, i. e. arms, arms across.
 , a kind of game at tables
 ghts.
 , traitors.
 , cut or carved. *Fr.*
 peculiarity of feature.
 dress out.
 lever, adroit.
 ries, Leo, and Sagittarius.
 efeat or disappoint.
 r third, or one of the three.
 , shows, masks, revels.
James, trou-madame, the
 nine holes.
 ing trippingly.
 trowsers, or a kind of
 s.
 imagine or conceive; I

ail, a species of dog.
usions, try experiments.
 the sweating process in
 real disorder.
occata, a flourish on a
 . *Ital.*
top, as a ram does.
id, a naked beggar.
 ; a species of precious
 opposed to be endued with
 linary virtues.
g Jack, a paltry musician.
bottle, a wickered bottle.
 ited, or circumscribed.

 dusky, yellow-coloured

 without extreme unction.
l, unavoidable.
 bare, uncovered.
 i. e. sword not blunted as

id, without making obeis-
- Unbrathed*, unexercised, unprac-
 tised.
Uncharged, unattacked.
Unclear, to unwind, to ruin.
Uncoined, unrefined, unadorned.
Unconfirmed, unpractised in the
 ways of the world, not hardened.
Undercrest, a phrase from heraldry,
 to wear beneath the crest.
Uneffectual, i. e. fire, shining with-
 out heat.
Unexpressible, inexpressible.
Unfigured, not having genitals.
Unhappy, mischievously waggish,
 unlucky.
Unhoused, having no house.
Unhouselled, without having the
 Holy Communion.
Unmastered, licentious.
Unproper, common.
Unqualified, unmanned.
Unquestionable, averse to conver-
 sation.
Unrespective, inconsiderate.
Unrough youths, beardless youths.
Unstanch'd, incontinent.
Untempering, not softening.
Untented, not probed, virulent.
Untraded, singular, not in common
 use.
Unvalued, invaluable.
Upspring, upstart.
Use and usance, interest of money.
Utis, a merry festival.
Utterance, the extremity of defi-
 ance.

Fail, to cast down, to let fall down.
Falanced, fringed with a beard.
Validity, value.
Fantily, an illusion.
Fantage, opportunity.
Fanbrace, armour for arm. *Fr.*
Fast, waste, dreary.
Faunt, the avant, what went before,
 or the vanguard.
Faward, the forepart.
Felure, velvet.
Venetian, admittance, a fashion ad-
 mitted from Venice.
Fenew, a bout at a fencing school.
Feneyz, venews.
Vent, rumour, materials for dis-
 course.
Ventages, the holes of a flute.
Verbal, verbose.
Verify, to bear witness.
Very, immediate.
Vice, to draw or persuade.
Vice, a grasp. A mimic.

- Vie*, a term at cards, to brag.
Violenteth, rageth.
Virgin crants, maiden garlands.
Ger.
Virginal, a kind of spinnet.
Virginal, belonging to a virgin.
Virtuous, salutiferous.
Vizament, advisement.
- Waft*, to beckon.
Wage, to hire or reward, to fight.
Wappened, probably decayed or diseased.
Ward, defence, a phrase in the art of defence.
Warden, a species of large pear.
Warn, to summon.
Warp, to change from the natural state.
Wassel, a kind of drink, or intemperate drinking.
Waxen, to increase.
Waxen, soft, yielding, easily obliterated.
Web and the pin, disease of the eye.
Ween, to think or imagine.
Weigh, to value or esteem.
Welkin, the sky.
Welken-eye, blue eye.
Well-a-pear, well-a-day, lack-a-day.
Wend, to go.
Westward-hoe, the name of a play acted in Shakespeare's time.
Wether, used for ram.
Weyard, fatal, prophetic.
Whelked, varied with protuberances; from *whelks*, protuberances, a small shell fish.
Where, whereas.
Whiffer, an officer who walked in processions.
Whiles, until.
- Whipstock*, the
Whirring, hurt
Whist, being si
Whiting time,
Whitsters, blea
Whittle, a poek
Whooping, sho
Wimpled, hood
wimple, a ho
Winchester goe
stews were fi
the Bishop of
Winking-gates
from fear or
Wis, to know.
Wish, to recon
Wittol-cuckhold
himself a cu
tented.
Woe, to be sor
Wondered, abl
ders.
Wood, crazy.
Woolward, cl
rather naked
Worts, the at
kinds of cab
Wreak, reveng
Wrest, an inst
up the strinj
Wrested pomj
violence.
Writhled, wri
Wrying, devii
- Yare*, handy,
Yearn, to grie
Yerk, to kick.
Yesty, foamin
- Zany*, a buffo
Zealous, piou

THE END.

CORRECTIONS.

VOLUME I.

- 'age 24, last line, *for* " my wife " *read* " my wrath."
228, line 8 from bottom, *read* " can it *be* no other ?"
230, last line, *read*, " Embowell'd of their doctrine have left."
262, line 19, *read*, " Ay, right.—Good creature! where-soe'er she is."
382, line 14, *read*, " Vincentio's son *and heir*, brought up in Florence."
396, line 8 from bottom, *for* " that " *read* " then."
437, line 6, *for* " hold " *read* " trow."

VOLUME II.

- 'age 21, line 12 from bottom, *for* " in " *read* " into."
53, line 9, *for* " notable " *read* " noble."
54, line 2 from bottom, *read*, " That you insult and exult all at once."
242, line 8, *read*, " Speak I like."
405, line 2, *for* " that " *read* " then."
552, lines 6 and 7, *read*,
" Points to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me as 'tis odious; but."



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